

SEPTEMBER 3  
1921

# Leslie's

PRICE 15 Cents



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## The reflection

in text and pictures of those things which intimately concern intelligent people, is the none too easy task JUDGE has set for itself. It does not pretend to be a mirror of the news; but it does aim to present with jovial good-humor and to show up the weaker and therefore the more human side of American life. The gay prose and rollicking rhymes, the pictures that put over a message of good cheer and expose the frailties common to all of us, though never funny except when they affect the other fellow, is one of the reasons for the popularity of "The Happy Medium."

One of the entertaining new features of JUDGE is the series of portraits for which the great ones of our country have personally posed, accompanied with thumb-nail biographies of the sitters that are the essence of genial caricature, albeit they are as penetrating as a surgeon's scalpel. These portraits, under the general title, "Among Those Pleasant," are made from life by Leo Mielziner, than whom there is no better delineator of character in America. Good-humored, they are also an accentuation of the very souls of the sitters. Among those who have already been portrayed are: **Rex Beach, Montague Glass, George Horace Lorimer, Edward Bok and Robert W. Chambers.**

## President Harding and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge

will soon appear in the pages of JUDGE, having granted special sittings and declared themselves delighted with Mr. Mielziner's artistry. You really cannot afford to miss a single issue of

## JUDGE

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VOLUME  
CXXXIII

12-2-23  
©CLB500573

# Leslie's

NUMBER  
3435

*The Oldest Illustrated Weekly Newspaper in the United States*

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*Managing Editor*

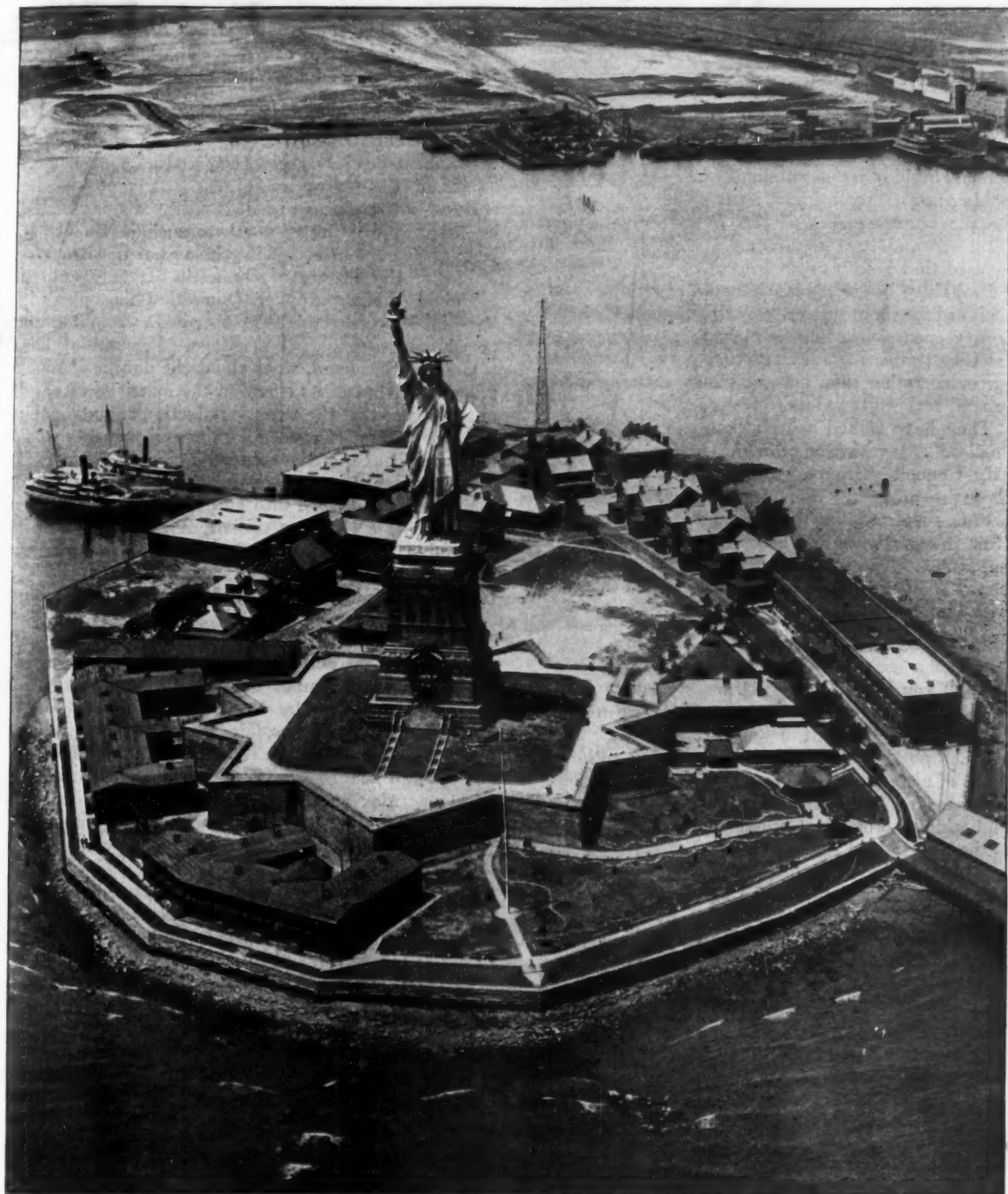
HOWARD E. MORTON  
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*Associate Editor, Washington, D. C.*

Established  
DECEMBER 15, 1855  
\$7 per Year; 15c per Copy

September 3, 1921

Published by  
THE LESLIE-JUDGE CO.  
627 West 43d St., New York



INTERNATIONAL

## Freedom's Famous Symbol—From the Sky

Here is a remarkable photograph of the Statue of Liberty, together with the group of U. S. Army buildings on Bedloe's Island in

New York harbor, snapped from one of the airplanes that daily carry parties on bird's-eyeing tours around Manhattan.





FOR AMERICAN PROGRESS AMERICAN IDEALS  
AMERICAN SUPREMACY

# Leslie's

## EDITORIALS



### *What Kansas City Knows*

**A**MONG the things which critics of the Anti-Main-Street school leave out of account, in the supposedly objective statement of their case, are the many healthy little movements in towns of the Gopher Prairie section toward making two blades of grass grow, so to speak, where none grew before. Do you know the things for which Milwaukee ought to be famous besides its one-time beer? They are worth looking up. Do you know Kansas City? It is one of the pleasantest places to live in in these benighted "States," and it is so because its citizens have discovered that *beauty pays*.

Probably beauty, like honesty, is nobler when achieved for its own sake, yet it is something to achieve beauty even by the commercial route. And the Kansas City people have learned that parks, good streets, agreeable rather than ugly buildings, actually increase general real estate values.

They have coined a useful word in Kansas City—"uglies." They have an ordinance half way through the City Council—perhaps by this time it is all the way through—protecting the pleasanter streets from billboards, gasoline filling stations, and "uglies" in general. How this particular ordinance fares is not particularly important. The important thing is that the public knows what are "uglies" and is determined to do away with them.

### *Scots Wha' Hae*

**D**O you know Danzig? Probably not, unless you were one of the infrequent American tourists who, before the war, visited that ancient German port. It is a gray old town, with a thousand years of history, and a very new and practical political problem, for it is at the end of the "Polish Corridor," and while thoroughly German in the human sense, it is the new Poland's only seaport.

Both sides have issued tons of propaganda in the aim of proving their rights in the neighborhood, and in a recent booklet in English sent out by the Danzigers we find still another human current eddying here. A lady who signs herself "Frau Helene MacLean, nee Von Tiedemann," petitions that her estates be included in the Free City of Danzig and not left within the district to be assigned to Poland.

"Since the year 1750," she writes, "when, after the defeat of the last Stuart in the battle of Culloden, in 1745, many Scotchmen were obliged to emigrate, the ancestors of my husband have all been citizens of Danzig."

She mentions three nephews named MacLean, all German officers, two of whom were killed in the great war and begs that on these and other grounds "everything will be done to preserve our rights as citizens of Danzig."

Ellen Key, the famous Swedish writer, traces her name to a Scotchman, MacKay, who came over to Sweden to fight under the Great Augustus. Field Marshall Mackensen was a Danziger, and possibly his name was derived from a similar source.

### *Too Much Science*

**A**CHICAGO judge recently recommended inclusion of a course in the Science of Matrimony in the public school curriculum of his city.

Possibly the Chicago jurist is right. It may be that intensive application in youth to such pertinent subjects as, for instance, the Psychology of the Breakfast Table, or the Theory of Domestic Strategy and the Midnight Alibi, or, Applied Domestic Philosophy with Especial Reference to the Mother-in-Law, would result in a higher average, per marriage, of connubial bliss.

On the other hand, what about the danger of such a scheme? What of its effect on the marriage rate? It almost seems that the didactic reduction of matrimonial conduct to a set of academic rules and precepts would destroy all taste for the enterprise.

If marriage, that ancient blissful, breathless, blindfold venture is turned into an exact science, what becomes of its enchanting uncertainty? Stripped of its delectable mystery, defined, analyzed, propounded, regulated, and expounded in the dull pages of the text books, what will remain of its romantic glamour?

### *Fore!*

**T**HE ancient and honorable game is victimized, these late summer days, by Old and Young, by Fat and Thin, by experts and dubs—but mostly by DUBS. Bobby Jones, fair-haired Southern prodigy, finished fourth in the open championship the other day. He was the youngest entrant. Tied with him at 303 score was Alex Smith, oldest man on the course.

Vardon at 50 was British idol with seven open championships to his credit; in the same year he came within one stroke of winning the American open. Cyril Tolley was a college youngster when he annexed the British amateur cup. This year Jim Barnes and his clover leaf (known as our leanest expert) won the American open. The next day he played President Harding, who is not so expert nor quite so lean. But both are fans.

Golf widows, haters of Briggs cartoons, and other hopeless cynics, say the game consists of a long stick with a fool ball at one end and a fool man at the other. When friends tried to teach Bob Fitzsimmons, the prizefighter, how to play golf, they explained that the object was to put the ball into that small hole 240 yards away. The angels being with Fitzsimmons, he happened to connect and sent the gutta sizzling over the fairway till it came to rest within two feet of the pin. "D—," he exclaimed, "I missed it!"

But golfanatics—if we may apply the term to millions of our countrymen—know better.





*A Greek camp on the Afium Kara Hissar front.*

## WHERE GREEK MEETS TURK

By PAXTON HIBBEN, F. R. G. S.

Special correspondent of LESLIE'S WEEKLY with the Greek Army

IT is all so like—and so different—this new war that has followed the big one. As a former member of the A. E. F., I am constantly getting the shock of my life, out here in the Near East.

"It's a peculiar kind of warfare," a Greek major said to me, on the way to Ushak, the Greek G. H. Q. I'll say it is!

I went from the Pireus to Smyrna on a transport, just as precisely three years ago I went, with my battery, from Southampton to Le Havre on a transport. There wasn't room for a sardine to sit down, either time. The men, this time as three years ago, had marched a long way in the hot sun, with full packs, before embarking, and were tired and out of temper; the officers crowded the little cabin, hot and thirsty.

But, oh, boy! *This* time I was sitting nonchalantly smoking a cigarette, in civilian clothes, watching it all, while somebody else wrangled with discontented soldiers or sought a place to let go of a pack for a moment, without danger of losing it.

Half a dozen soldiers tried to push their way into the tiny cabin in which officers were as close as cigarettes in a box. A captain barred the way. The usual

Oriental flow of invective followed, with savage gestures and evil looks.

"The hell with the regulations!" shouted a big, blond shepherd from Thessaly. "I'm tired, and I'm going to sit in here. Get out of the way, you little shrimp."

"If any soldier comes in here," screamed the captain in reply. "I'll go out myself

and pick out a couple of little ones, who need a rest. A big walrus like you ought to be holding a little fellow,

pack and all, in each capacious hand!"

Suddenly the transport started to move. Rage dropped from both sides like a cloak. Everybody rushed to the ship's side, and she almost turned turtle. Girls on the *quai* were alternately dabbing at their eyes with their handkerchiefs and at their noses with powder puffs. (No girls saw us off!) Land faded. A bugler began to play "Ho Aitos" (The Eagle), the Greek soldiers' marching song. It didn't take. Pretty soon, one of the shepherds in uniform began singing, instead, a country love song, all sliding up and down the scale, Oriental fashion—Greek music is just like Turkish music—and others joined in with exquisite voices, in four parts that seemed to have nothing to do with one another, but which blended marvelously. The golden glow of the western sky, which is the glory of Greece that no man may know who has not seen, died to ashes. The men settled somehow, higgledy-piggledy, to sleep.

So, only three years ago, it had been with us, as we sailed to France. Same old war, same old army life! My God, what a crazy world!

From Smyrna I went to the front with the outfit of my transport. The single track railway, which connects



*King Constantine and his Queen.*



*The market in Ushak, the Greek G. H. Q.*

the port with the Greek front, is a French property, and the French refuse to admit that a war is going on, and require that every officer have a military order for tickets for himself and his men. Troop trains also carry local freight, and stop for hours while it is loaded and unloaded. I suppose in the event of a hasty retreat, those who had no tickets would have nothing to do but surrender!

There they were again! Dear old 40 *hommes*, 8 *chevaux*, loaded with about 120 *hommes* and sometimes the 8 *chevaux*, as well! These particular box cars were Belgian, however, and had got to Turkey via Germany. You could see the *Liege* or *Bruzelles* on them still; but added more recently *Deutscher Chef des Feld-eisenbahns* I, and a yellow star and crescent. And the men piled off and on every time the train stopped, just as our men used to do in France. But here a Turk, in a fez, took the tickets from men on the way to fight the Turks. A peculiar kind of warfare is right!

As we passed out of Smyrna, and at every little station on the way, the men had a nasty trick of firing their rifles into the air. A fat colonel leaned out of a window every time it happened and ordered them to stop it, but they just grinned and fired the more. All along the route the little peasants' houses were stuck all over with Greek flags, and the old folks, Greeks who had lived there since Homer's day, came down to the railway track and cheered. Scores of men were atop the cars, there being no room inside for them, and for each unit they bore a chromo of King Constantine on a pole, surrounded with the olive-branches of victory, and little Greek flags. When they passed a crowd of Greeks, they would raise this symbol

aloft and cheer themselves hoarse, and the Greeks along the line would cheer back and wave frantically, and the indefatigable bugler would strike up the "Aitos," and everybody would chant it at the top of his voice. In it is the tramp of marching feet and the swing of arms and the little cluck-cluck of rifles as they roll on moving shoulders. It's a good song.

There was very little war in any of this, anywhere, so far as one could see. It was much more like a junket of the Patrick J. O'Grady Association, of the Fourth Ward, with King Constantine's portrait instead of an election lithograph of the Hon. Patrick. But as we drew nearer the front, that atmosphere of

a joy ride fell away. There was no more miscellaneous firing into the air. On the crowded station platforms, during stops, the men began for the first time to salute the officers and to snap into it. At the regulating station, at Salikli, some seventy miles out of Smyrna, I ran into a Greek from Buffalo, a cavalry sergeant.

"What do you think of all this business?" I asked him.

"Cinch!" he said. "We've got the Turk this time, all right. Everybody's in this thing on his toes. For once they have buried the hatchet in local Greek politics, and we're all going to Constantinople together."

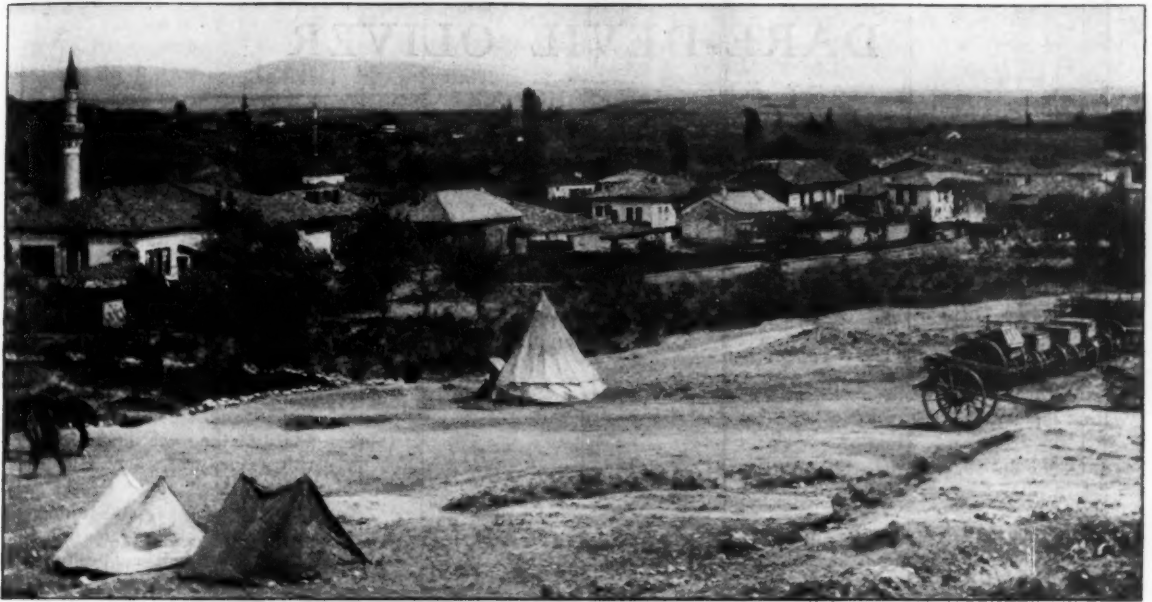
I looked at him in amazement.

"D'y' mean to say you, who have lived in the States, call this an army?" I asked.

"Sure. What's the matter with it? You mean because they don't salute half the time, and don't seem to have what they call discipline in the States? Don't fool yourself! Wait till you get on the front. You'll see. What I want to know is what's the matter with you, back in the States. You and all the rest of the world have been hollering: 'Get the Turks out of Europe!' for the last hundred years, and now there's a chance to do it, and do it right, you're letting us do it. You stopped the war before it was half over. You're a bunch of quitters."



*A Greek 120-mm. long-range, cannon, on the Afium Hissar front.*



*The town of Ushak, where one meets an officer on every corner.*

"Nonsense!" I said. "We're sick of war in the States. We don't want to hear about war any more."

"D'y' suppose I'm not sick of it? I was in the first Balkan war in 1912, in the second Balkan war in 1913. Then when Venizelos tried to drag me into the Saloniki army in 1916, I beat it to the States, and in 1917 they caught me in the draft and shot me over to France. I've only been out of the United States Army a few months, and here I am back in uniform again. I'll tell the world I'm sick of it! But if you folks in the States think that there is going to be any peace in the world until this Turkish mess is cleaned up for good, you're crazy."

It has been the world's war nursery for a hundred years. Now we Greeks are going to clean it up!"

About twenty-six miles from Ushak our train suddenly halted. The railroad had been mounting a steep ascent, and we were on a height overlooking a precipitous valley which ran northeastward into a series of towering, barren mountains. In the distance we could hear firing—much musketry, the occasional tat-tat-tat of a machine gun, and now and then what seemed to be a light cannon, probably a mountain-piece. The men in their box cars were all very silent and nervous. Officers walked up and down the train and bade them keep

quiet, and they obeyed implicitly. No one seemed to know what it was all about. After an interminable wait, we moved on again, coming to a bridge built on a curve 150 feet above a rocky gorge, a tunnel at the farther end of the bridge. The bridge guards said that a Turkish force had attacked suddenly, coming down the valley, and at first tried to rush the bridge, to blow it up. Failing in that, they began to bombard it from the heights beyond, with a mountain gun. The fight, they said, was still going on to the eastward, and north towards Takmak. We could hear it.

I got out my map. The attack had been delivered over 30 miles inside the Greek lines, and without warning or without being discovered by the Greeks until it was launched. Had the bridge been destroyed, the only rail or any other kind of practicable line of communications with the Greek staff at Ushak would have been cut. Prince Andrew of Greece, King Constantine's brother, with the 2d Division, was thirteen miles beyond the bridge, at Ite, with his entire command. He, too, would have been cut off from Smyrna, the sea and safety. Coming on top of the blowing up of the ammunition dump at Smyrna a short time before, the destruction of the single line of communications would have been fatal to the entire Greek campaign on the Smyrna front.

Beyond the Kendaklar bridge we waited again for hours, while the distant firing died away, and finally all was still. As it grew dark we moved slowly into Alvandar station. The men were tumbled out of the train and sent off up towards Takmak, in pursuit of the Turks, of whom there were said to be 400 infantry, 200 cavalry, 4 machine guns and 1

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*Turkish officer prisoners in detention in the ancient Venetian fortress of Corfu. They have the best accommodations in Greece, with a building constructed by the British seventy years ago as quarters, a wonderful view over Corfu harbor, a beautiful garden for recreation purposes, and every conceivable comfort that a soldier could desire.*



# DARE-DEVIL OLIVER

By JAMES HOPPER

Illustrated By JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

**W**HEN we were down in Atlantic City, a band of newspaper men watching the American champion training for his fight with Carpentier, there were three of us who every evening, after dinner, would stroll together along the board walk. We'd shoot clay elephants and ducks at the stands on the way, or throw rings for dolls, or play an irritating Japanese game in which a ball, which seemed fated to fall into a hole marked five hundred, does no such thing, no matter what pains you take or skill you have. But always, without ever saying anything about it, or consulting with each other, invariably we ended up in the amusement park where, at eleven o'clock every night, Dare-devil Oliver made his dive of 104 feet into five feet of water.

The season being still a little early and the weather unsettled, at that hour the amusement park was empty. The acres and acres of smooth asphaltum, wet with the sea fog, reflected every one of the myriad electric lights; to the ear there came no whir and happy screeches of scenic railway or chute or dip; and the imitation air planes hung motionless in the air, like dead butterflies with pins stuck through them. In the whole wide arena there was not a soul.

But we knew where we were going and knew what we meant to see. Without being disconcerted by the extraordinary impression of lifelessness and desertion given out by the place, we made directly for the corner where, above a small red tank filled with water, a slender iron ladder rose to a platform so high that it had borrowed a trick from the moon, and seemed to be drifting up there, through the clouds of sea fog passing by.

We were not quite alone at the foot of the ladder. Five or six other spectators were there every evening—seemingly always the same. And sometimes, within the ropes where we were not allowed to go, a young woman sat on a bench, and sometimes, beside her, a little girl. We thought the young woman might be the diver's wife, and the little girl his daughter, but knew also that they might be meretricious and a part of the setting.

A few minutes before eleven, Dare-devil Oliver appeared for his act.

He appeared from nowhere in particular, and he wore a reddish flowered bathrobe over his white tights. He was a smallish man, with a rather wooden face, with blue eyes that were wide-open but rather fixed and inexpressive, and his

jaw hung just a bit. The hair upon his head—I suppose through the tremendous friction it was submitted to in those 104-foot dives—was thin.

This first appearance of his was not

*"Then for a long time he stood still, holding to a stanchion."*



professional. He was still, as it were, behind the scenes. He was not astrained to any pose, and he was very plainly worried. He looked up at the platform, sailing up there through the clouds, and he studied it. He watched the American flag which, above the platform stood straight out shivering in the breeze. When you are going to fall 104 feet and must alight in a tank of very limited space, I suppose the strength of the wind matters. The dare-devil walked off to the right and looked up from there; he walked off to the left and looked up some more. He shuffled, in his slippers and bathrobe, to the guy ropes which held that incredibly long ladder and the

platform at the top of it, and pulled and tugged on these ropes, measuring the pressure. Carefully he inspected the tank, to see that no object however small, floated on the surface.

Then, promptly at five minutes to eleven he stepped out before the foot-lights, as it were, and shifted to his professional role. He slipped off his bathrobe and stood in his white tights. At the same time, from the park entrance where they had been trying to attract passers-by, the two clowns came running and tumbling. Each, in the corner of his mouth, held the stub of a long-dead cigar. "Have you done your dive, have you done your dive, Oliver?" they shouted inanely, then romped about him in that sad fun clowns make. One of them, climbing the tank, pretended to dust off the water carefully.

The manager of Dare-devil Oliver now came into the scene, and the show was complete. He was in civilian clothes, and, when he bared his head to address the assembled multitude—consisting of seven persons—showed a very flat head with hair very flatly plastered upon it. He rose on a small stand before the tank, and Dare-devil took position by his side. The two clowns flanked them at the bottom of the stand, the tall one looking pensively off to the right, the short one to the left, in the postures well known, in good old days, to the frequenters of the Knickerbocker bar.

The impresario's diction was singular. He owned a tight unflexible mouth, and in his effort at clarity of enunciation, manipulated it in such a manner that not one word came out of it sound. The first phrase you caught: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I call for your entire attention." But after that came long runs like the glee howls of a hyena. Out of that terrifically working mouth, bits of massacred syllables flew as out of a hopper. Some, however, although maimed incredibly, were still recognizable to the alert ear, and we did hear, or guess, "Tchampee-ee-eeen diver," "104-foot drop" and "into five feet of water."

Dare-devil Oliver, meanwhile stood in a pre-determined posture which was meant to express tremendous determination. It did not quite express this because we fancy, he is a simple man who would rather just jump off his platform, just like that; and because his eyes are rather opaque and his lower jaw hangs a bit loose.

The spicler paused. A new solemnity came into his manner as he turned to the

Dare-devil. He prolonged the pause; he stood, like the judge, on the verge of uttering the irrevocable. And when he spoke again, his voice had dropped an octave, and every word was clear. "And now, Mr. Oliver," he said "whenever you are ready, *you may go*. And we all wish you the best of luck."

At this, a hidden bugle blew a fanfare; Dare-devil Oliver, without conviction, made a gesture such as that with which in old-time circuses, the equestrienne alighted from her broad-backed horse; the group dissolved, and Dare-devil started up the ladder.

He went up very slowly, clinging close, like a fly along the wall, and every once in a while he stopped for a half minute or so; perhaps because the climb was a long one and he was tired, or perhaps just to make us feel bad with that suspense which, the managers tell us, is so vitally necessary to all drama. He stopped, holding tight to the rung; turning, he looked down to the left, toward us, and, turning again looked down to the right.

Finally he was away up on the platform which seemed to be drifting through the clouds; he stood in the halo of lights up there, by the American flag which stretched vibrantly to the wind.

He remained there a long, long time. It was hard to tell what he was doing: in spite of the great horseshoe of lights framing him and making very white his

white tights, his gestures were not clearly visible. He looked down, I think, first to the left, then to the right, as though sending down a supreme telepathic message to those who, down there, had "wished him the best of luck." Then, for a long time he stood still, holding to a

placed his arms stiff along his sides; he arched his back just right to some thousandth part of an inch; he straightened his neck, he raised his chin at a fixed point exactly known to him.

Then he let himself fall backward without any spring. He had arranged his body just right, so that now the great natural forces which never vary, in taking hold of it, *must* take it in the right curve to the right place. He now yielded that body, arranged just right, utterly to these forces, in absolute faith of what they would do. Smoothly, he let himself fall backward. It was very slow at first. The body, held rigid, with hands down its sides, turned, with the feet as pivot, like the spoke of a wagon being slowly started. The turning movement gathered speed and then came a moment when the feet were seen to detach themselves from the platform, leaving the body altogether abandoned in the void.

For another moment, it seemed to float up there, uncertain; then

the certain forces of gravity reached up and possessed it, and it began to fall.

It fell with a speed that increased swiftly and dizzily; and as it fell, still held by the man's will in its absolute position, it was slowly turning. It was half away down before the turn was completed and the feet pointed downward.

But the last half of the fall, of course, was ever so much shorter in duration of

(Concluded on page 318)



"The act was over. The clowns wrapped him in his bath robe."

stanchion, his closed eyes in the hollow of his elbow, as if in a profound concentration of all his faculties. But probably, of course, he was doing all this merely to make us feel bad.

Finally he walked out to the very edge of the platform. He placed his toes on the very edge, his heels projecting; and his back was toward the direction in which he was going to dive.

Another pause ensued. He carefully



In 1900 40 per cent. of our population was in the country. Ten years later the percentage had risen to 45.8. In 1920 it had gone still higher—to 51.4 per cent. Of late thousands of urban dwellers all over America have been forced back to the farms, but there is no steady movement to the country.

## FROM PAVEMENTS TO PLOWSHARES

*Now Is a Good Time to Become a Farmer if You Have the Desire, the Capital, the Knack and the Grit*

By ANDREW S. WING

Associate Editor of "Farm and Fireside"

THE tide of population which has been rushing from the country to the city has been temporarily checked; in fact it is receding in the other direction at the present time. Farmers and farm laborers, lured to town by inflated war-time wages, are returning to their rural haunts, now that their source of high living has gone. With them are going unemployed city laborers, largely foreigners, and some city business men who have heard the siren call of the countryside.

This movement, which started with the demobilization of our troops, and was accelerated by the shutting down of "war babies" has received added impetus from the general business slump. There is always a certain movement from the city to the country, although in most years the number seeking the higher wages and gayer lights of the city dwarfs it into insignificance. Most city men occasionally feel that they would like to "live on a farm and be independent." Scarcity of work, high living costs, business depression cause many, who would otherwise merely dream of farming, to throw discretion to the winds and cast their lot among the followers of the plow.

I have known city-bred men who made excellent farmers. One young chap, a New Yorker, with a Harvard degree, got the fever so badly that city life became, he thought, unbearable. He owned a small farm bordering a lake in the New Hampshire mountains which had been purchased as a place to spend vacations. To this farm he hid himself with his wife, also a city girl, and their three small children. Their capital was small, their ignorance of farming large, but by hard work and intelligent management they are apparently succeeding.

Indignant relatives and friends predicted all sorts of dire disasters. "If you are going to farm why not pick out a place that is civilized and where the chances for success are better?" they said. The land is poor, the season short,

the markets distant and the winters cold and long. They could have had an easier time of it in a more favorable location. But their few brief letters are full of hope, enthusiasm and plans for the future. They love the life and the rugged country, they are happy and content.

This case is exceptional, of course, but



One of the 6,303,000 farmers in this country who have resisted the lure of the cities.

there are many city men who are born farmers. The tragedy is when they don't have sense enough to realize it.

Many other cases do not result so fortunately. Most city people are amazingly ignorant of the simplest farming practices and principles. The familiar cartoon of the rube farmer on Broadway is a mild satire compared with that which might be drawn of the way some city folks behave when exposed to the rough-and-ready environs of the countryside. I once met a Chicago man, approaching his thirties, who had never seen or heard of a

well as a domestic source of water. He thought it always flowed through a faucet from a distant pumping station. An intelligent and cultured New Jersey girl, rusticated in the country, attended a country fair, and when she saw silos for the first time remarked naively that she thought it queer that they would exhibit lighthouse models so far from the ocean.

A middle-aged couple, who had never stirred far from the wilds of Brooklyn, decided to invest their small savings in a farm and retire to the "simple life." A small and rocky farm was purchased overlooking the Hudson River and about two hours out of New York. Here they proceeded to engage in the poultry business. They soon found that there were many things they had never heard of dreamed of connected with the effort to induce hens to lay, or to make the eggs laid hatch either in the natural way or through the incubator route. So one day when the man discovered in a spring-fed brook that babbled across their acres what he took to be a small lobster, he was delighted and together they planned excitedly how they could supplement their egg money with profits from lobsters raised in their own stream. But alas! their dreams of sudden riches were shattered when they were told by a neighboring farmer that their "lobster" was nothing more nor less than a crayfish, commonly called a "crawdad," whose skimpy body is worthless for food except at certain seasons when they make excellent bait for bass.

Ridiculous as such incidents appear to country-wise people there is also a tragic side. It is no small thing to change from the city to the farm, and failure means not only loss of time and business opportunity but also considerable financial loss when the move back to town is made.

Reliable figures bearing on the number of city men who are going back to the land are practically unobtainable; it has happened since the 1920 census was completed. We know that there has been a

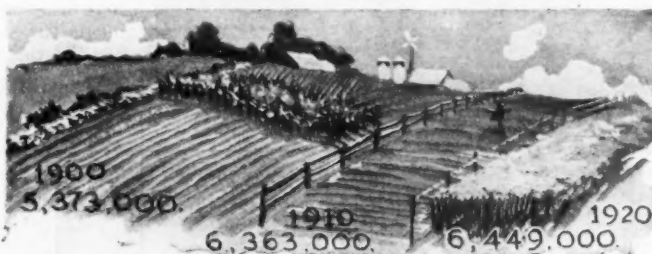


great deal of unemployment in industrial cities. Department of Agriculture figures show a small surplus of farm labor compared with a shortage in 1920. The answer seems plain. Real estate agencies report an active interest shown by city people in farm lands. A whole colony of city people, consisting of over a hundred Brooklyn families, has recently started on a trek to newly-opened irrigated tracts in Idaho. There is undoubtedly a farmward movement. But is it great enough to be significant?

When I discussed this question with the editor of *LESLIE'S* I felt that if there was a back-to-the-farm movement, it was not pronounced enough to be important. After considerable investigation in various sections of the country and after receiving facts and opinions from agricultural colleges, farm bureaus and State departments in a dozen States, my original idea has been upheld. The cityward trend may be balanced for the time being by the movement back to the land, but such a condition is for the moment only. Farming is far from being "the life of Riley" in the year 1921. The farmer who made money in 1920 was either a genius or possessed of "nigger luck." Low prices of what he sells, high costs, lack of credit facilities, heavy freight rates, labor shortage, all united to steal his profits. Many farms are being sold for taxes; mortgage foreclosures are forcing



*Some people can live and be perfectly happy without the movies and other delights offered by the great centers. The American farmer does not rush about as feverishly as does his brother in the city; nevertheless, thanks to modern scientific methods of farming and labor-saving machinery, he manages to produce more food per man than any other agriculturalist in the world.*



*"The number of farms has increased from 5,373,000 in 1900 to 6,363,000 in 1910 and 6,449,000 in 1920."*

ing unfortunate farmers to become wage earners; returned farm laborers will find farm wages rather meager after their well-

filled city pay envelopes, and some, undoubtedly, will move back to town in search of an elusive job, plumbing, and friendly movie palaces.

Of the 105,710,620 people in the United States in 1920, 51.4 per cent. was urban and 48.6 per cent. was rural. Only about half of the rural population lives on farms, as this includes towns of under 2,500, and, as everyone knows, a lot of small-town people know as much about farming as does the habitué of Broadway. The rural population is still increasing from one census period to another but with a smaller percentage of increase every decade.

The urban population on the other hand was 40 per cent. in 1900, 45.8 per cent. in 1910, and 51.4 per cent. in 1920, which brings us face to face with the not-far-distant possibility of an actual food shortage. Yields per acre and production per farmer can be increased materially, but hardly in proportion to the extra number of city consumers that appear every year. Nor can we rely on the opening up of virgin territory, for practically all of the useful agricultural land in the country is now under cultivation.

Irrespective of race or color there are 6,303,000 farmers in the United States, of which 2,354,000 are tenants. The number of farms has increased from 5,373,000 in 1900 to 6,363,000 in 1910 and 6,449,000 in 1920. Actually

there has been a falling off in number of farms in most of the older States during



*Rural population is still growing rapidly in the West, where irrigation projects are opening up new tracts of fertile desert land, and where huge ranches are being split up into farm tracts. The picture shows a vast orchard in the Grand River Valley, Col. Practically every tree seen, men planted.*



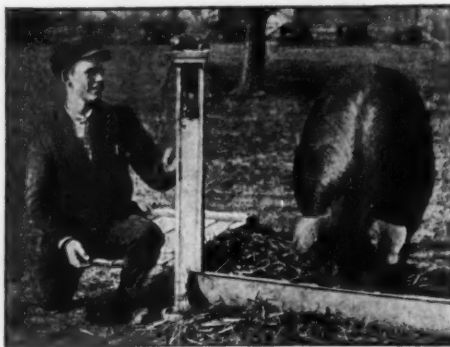
the past ten years. The increase comes from the South where large plantations have been split up, and from the newer States of the West where considerable acreages have been opened up by the Government and by irrigation projects.

As seen by the above figures our city population has been growing rapidly while our farm population has barely held its own. The amount of tenancy is increasing. Until a national policy regarding agriculture is adopted, this will go on. Farm folks like to make money, educate their children, have a good time, and enjoy the comforts of life, as we all do. It is, therefore, only natural that in times of precarious farming profits, such as the present, a certain number of farmers, especially the younger ones, will head for the surer profits, and easier and gayer life of towns and cities where amusements abound.

The farmers themselves are little concerned over this drift to the cities. Doubtless many of them feel as does one Ohio farm bureau official who said that he was in favor of changing the motto, "Keep the boys on the farm," to read, "Let two go where one went before." A decrease in farm production would not hurt the present glutted markets and farmers are aware of the fact. However, it must be said in justice to the farmer that most of them are keeping their production of crops and livestock up to normal. For only by producing can they live.

That many laborers are going back to the land is shown by the fact that according to the United States Department of Agriculture the farm labor supply on April 1 was 95.2 per cent. normal, as compared with 72.4 per cent. in 1920. The demand on the same date was only 87.5 per cent. as compared with 105.3 per cent. in 1920, showing that many farmers by adopting labor-saving plans and machines are making an effort to produce more economically. The estimated per cent. of labor supply to demand was 108.8, making a theoretical surplus of 8.8 per cent. It is probable, however, that this surplus has been largely absorbed by the demand for harvest hands, and also because of the fact that much of this labor is inexperienced or incompetent. As might be expected, the supply of farm help was smallest in New England and greatest in the Middle West and Pacific Coast districts, where there are fewer cities and farming is the chief

how many city people are buying farms, opinions from farm leaders in different States reflect in a general way what is going on. There seems to be not much of a trend countryward in Maine, Connecticut or New Jersey. Many of the abandoned farms in New England are lying fallow and for good reason—they are either worn out or else are so rough or rocky that they should never have been



*Later both will journey to the city.*



*All of the fun isn't to be found where the trolleys jangle and the factory whistles blow.*

touched by a plow. But there are good farms in the East, often for sale at very attractive prices when buildings, improvements and nearness to markets are considered. These farms are being taken up by Westerners, men with small capital mostly, who are finding it difficult to make high-priced land pay, and also by foreigners who were peasants in their native lands.

In the South, which has been hit hardest by deflation, on account of the collapse of the cotton market, there seems to be little tendency for well-to-do people to locate on farms. The exodus of a

occupa-

tion. While it is difficult to determine exactly

large percentage of the negro plantation hands and tenant farmers to the North during the war, together with the ravages of the boll-weevil, which has made cotton growing unprofitable in many localities, is bringing about a great change in rural Dixie. Large plantation tracts are being split up, diversification of crops and the raising and fattening of animals are becoming more general. Northerners are coming in to a certain extent and bringing with them Northern methods and customs. Although cotton still is king, he occupies a position comparable to that of a sovereign in a constitutional monarchy—he is not at all sure of his throne. Likewise in the tobacco regions of Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee and the Carolinas, the bad slump in the tobacco market has caused many farmers to turn much of the acreage usually planted to the fragrant weed into ordinary crops.

In the great Middle West, land of corn and hogs, \$300-an-acre farms, fertile fields, prosperous farmers—the very heart of agricultural America—not much change is reported. Previous to 1919 many farms in Ohio and other Corn Belt States were being bought by city men, but during the last year and a half there has been little of this. Land values became inflated throughout all the Corn Belt, which has made cautious investors look else-

where for places to put their money. Now, although land prices are gradually settling back to normal, the canny city man still stays away from a farm investment, for he knows that farm profits are uncertain.

The number of farms has decreased in practically all the Middle Western States during the last ten years. Exceptions to this are North Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin, due probably to the fact that large tracts are being split up and waste lands reclaimed. In Illinois there has been considerable inquiry from city people, frequently those with previous

farming experience, regarding opportunities to get on farms. The pressure of lower wages and high rents is causing a good many city people in this region, as elsewhere, to think of the farm, but they will probably seek out regions of cheaper land than are found in the best parts of the Corn Belt. Many of these folks would be better off if they continued working for wages, but some undoubtedly will succeed.

No decided movement from cities to  
(Concluded on page 314)



## Two "Big Guns" of Our Navy To-day

**R**EAR-ADMIRAL MOFFETT, who recently assumed the directorship of Naval Aviation, is perhaps best known by reason of his services as Commandant of the Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill., and as Commandant of the 9th, 10th and 11th Naval Districts. The Great Lakes station trained, during the war, about 250,000 enlisted men; and from the districts which Rear-Admiral (then Captain) Moffett commanded, over 300,000 enlisted men were added to the Navy, or more than 40 per cent. of its entire enlisted war personnel. He received a Distinguished Service Medal for his services.

Rear-Admiral Moffett was born in Charleston, S. C., October 31, 1869, was appointed to the Naval Academy on September 6, 1886, and was commissioned an Ensign, to rank from July 1, 1892. He commanded the *Maine*, in 1913, and then the *Chester*, and while in command of the *Chester*, participated in the capture of Vera Cruz. For his part in his action he received the Medal of Honor. Other shore duty to which Admiral Moffett has been assigned includes duty at the War College, Newport, in 1896, and again in 1906; Captain of the Yard at Guantanamo, Cuba; in the Bureau of Equipment, now Bureau of Engineering, Navy Department; Inspector of the 28th Lighthouse District, San Francisco, Cal., and Inspector of the U.S.S. *Arkansas* in 1912, at the works of the William Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine Building Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

On November 12, 1920, he received his present appointment.



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### Rear-Admiral William Adger Moffett

**C**APTAIN SELLERS typifies the saying that the Navy is the job in which to "see, serve and learn." He has served faithfully since 1894, and is still learning. But in the meantime, as head of the Morale Division of the Navy, he is teaching officers and gobs how much more important is the man than the machine, and what team-work means to the service.

Recently, when Secretary of the Navy Denby wanted a right-hand man to advise on personnel problems, departmental and other policies, he appointed Captain Sellers as his aide.

Captain Sellers was born in Texas in 1874, graduated "with distinction" from the Naval Academy and was assigned to the armored cruiser *New York*. When the Kiel Canal was opened in 1895, he met and clicked heels with the Kaiser. He has taken rice with the Emperor of Japan several times; has shown the King of Greece around the gun turrets of the *West Virginia*; and in 1908 he toured Quebec with the King of England, who was at that time Prince of Wales.

In 1899 when the Samoan troubles broke out Sellers was on the deck of Admiral 'Kraus's flag-ship, *Philadelphia*, in the magnificent harbor of Pago Pago. He was also at Honolulu when the United States flag was hoisted over the Hawaiian Islands. He served as flag lieutenant to Rear-Admiral Frederick Rodgers on the Asiatic Station, and commanded the destroyer *Stewart*. During the World War he commanded the battleship *Wisconsin* and the transport *Agamemnon*, receiving in recognition the Navy Cross.



AIME DUPONT

### Captain David Foote Sellers



## THE LOTUS FLOWER

By

S. GORDON GURWIT

Illustrated by

HAROLD ANDERSON

IT was high noon in the primal wilderness of the Bukoba valley. The little lotus and papyrus-fringed stream gurgled musically on its way to the great lake, Victoria Nyanza. Myriad birds, hovering close to the cool shadows of the leafy banks, filled the air with their converse—both sweet and harsh. Nearby a timid group of orobi drank thirstily.

From the man-high grass across the shallow ford, along a well-defined game trail, a rider emerged suddenly. His horse slid down the steep bank on its haunches, drank, then splashed across the ford.

Unholtz, peering through the grass, watched the stranger intently. He noted that the horseman was well armed, and dressed in regulation khaki and helmet of the veldt wanderer. He looked young, sat his horse like an Arab, and despite the great mid-noon heat, was whistling melodiously. Unholtz's eyes glittered all at once with a fishy mirth. He raised his carbine, squinted at the stranger appraisingly along the sights, and when there remained no possibility of missing, he pulled the trigger.

At the sudden report, the bird music

ceased; the orobi fled precipitously into the brush. A big, tricolored fish eagle screamed, and a snake bird plunged like a stone into the deep pool. The horse reared abruptly, came to his knees, coughed once or twice, heaved a few grating gasps of agony, and died. His rider fell partly into the water, but came to his feet almost immediately with leopard-like swiftness, and looked around; then he saw the black muzzle that menaced him from out the clump of thorn bushes.

He seated himself deliberately upon a stone koppje by the river bank, and stared at the dead horse; then he rolled a cigarette, lighted it, and smoked thoughtfully.

Several minutes passed, yet no word came from either man. The bird music began again. Finally, his cigarette fin-

ished, the stranger flipped it into the water and turned a cold, gray pair of eyes toward the threatening carbine.

"Well?" he called. "What's the next move? What's your little game?"

Unholtz chuckled audibly. He had not mistaken his man.

"Unbuckle your belt," he answered, "and leave your pistols behind; then come up here. Don't try anything—if you do, I'll treat you the same way I did your horse!"

The stranger unbuckled his belt, let it fall to the ground, and climbed up the bank.

He found Unholtz seated under a leafy acacia tree, his slim carbine across his knees, his beady eyes vicious with suppressed mirth.

"Surprised, I suppose?" he questioned, examining the young man keenly. "If the British authorities had been here waiting for you instead of myself, they'd have shot *you*, not the horse."

*"The old woman stood looking at them, bent, hideous, terrible."*



The young man seated himself and regarded Unholtz with a quizzical eye.

"It was a rotten thing to do—kill the poor brute like that," he answered. "I don't think an Englishman would do it—but you are different, aren't you?" His eyes narrowed slightly. "What's your game, Fritz?"

Unholtz flushed. "Better keep a civil tongue in your head," he answered harshly. "I might take a notion to hand you over to the King's Rifles—they'd like to get their hands on the notorious

Unholtz stared. He shifted the muzzle of his carbine slightly, so that it covered the young man's heart.

"You have courage," he said finally. "I'll overlook what you said, because I need a man with courage."

"Charmed to serve you, of course!"

"You should be!" retorted Unholtz. "It means saving your precious neck—and perhaps a fortune for you!"

"My—my!" marveled the other sarcastically. "Please go on—I'm listening. You may be sure of that."

Unholtz seemed to be thinking deeply for a moment, then he went on: "If you'll go twenty-five miles down the river, you'll see the home of the D'Estes family, owned by the richest woman in Africa. They are Portuguese of pure blood and ancient family, owning enormous banana shambas, huge herds of cattle and countless great diamonds in the rough—besides many thousands of acres of land."

"I want you to do as I instruct, and I promise you that you will never be sorry. It is a chance few young men ever have."

He paused, his shrewd eyes very bright. "Yes?" encouraged the young man, in a level, even voice.

"You will swim your horse across the river," continued Unholtz, "at the shallowest place, which is directly opposite the house, and a woman, who is waiting for you, will meet you. You will tell her you are called Allan Bertram, and that your father was called Allan Bertram—if she should ask you—and I'm sure she will!"

"You will tell her you are seeking employment, and I believe she will give it to you. She is very old and wrinkled, but she has a niece who is the most beautiful girl in the Congo. You are a stranger in this part of the country, or you would have heard of her—she is known through all the frontier here as the Lotus Flower."

The young man's eyes flickered ever so slightly; the rest of his face was calm,

though a slight smile curved his lips.

"What I want you to do is this," instructed Unholtz, tossing a silver seal ring to the young man: "You will wear that ring. If you are asked, you will explain that it was your father's—Allan Bertram's."

The young man put the ring on his finger, examined it curiously, then turned again to Unholtz, his eyes slate-gray, impenetrable walls.

"The girl," continued Unholtz, "is marvelously beautiful; she is barely nineteen, and by God! if you are half a man, you'll marry her!"

The young man stared.

"You seemed to be taking a lot for granted," he said evenly. "How do you know the old woman will meet me? How do you know she'll employ me? Or that the girl you speak of—"

"Listen!" impatiently interrupted Unholtz. "She has watched the river for someone to come for thirty years. You are the son of that someone, do you understand? The ring proves it—and you look somewhat as he did—thirty years ago. You are not a fool; play your cards with ordinary intelligence and it means that you are safe from the British authorities, and perhaps it will mean a fortune, a beautiful wife, great riches. Your safety, I take it, interests you, doesn't it?"

"Certainly."

"Well, will you do as I tell you—or not?"

"I will. Where will I get a horse?"

"I have an extra one along—back in the brush."

"You seem to have come here well prepared, and sure of meeting me."

"I am always prepared," smiled Unholtz evenly, patting his carbine. "And I knew that the man who shot Colonel Caxton would try to get out of British territory into the Congo—and this ford is known to but few—it was the logical road of escape!"

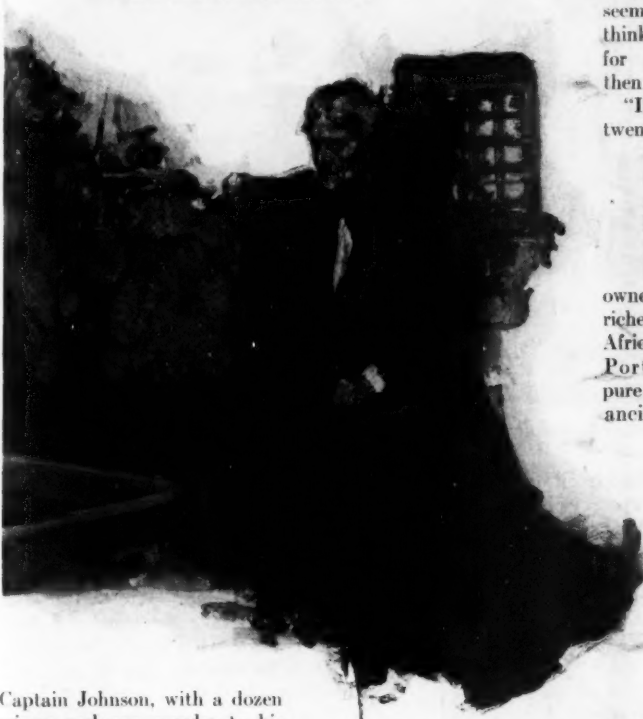
"I see. One more question: When, where and how do you profit by this transaction—if it should work out as you seem to imagine it will?"

"Do not concern yourself about me, *Signor Mio*. I will appear later—in good time. All you have to do is to remember that from now on you are Allan Bertram, son of Allan Bertram, who in his youth was a naturalist who came to Entebbe and finally to the D'Estes Rancho on his travels. You will affect to know nothing of his amatory adventures while in Africa. You can lie to your heart's content in making up his life's history after he left Africa, if you want to—or if you should ever be asked. You are not a fool—you will know how. By the way, are you married?"

"No."

"So much the better, not that it would make any difference. Well, remember, from now on you are Allan Bertram."

(Continued on page 312)



Captain Johnson, with a dozen crimes and one murder to his discredit!"

No expression of surprise or dismay was visible on the young man's face.

"Granted that they would, what of it?"

"What of it?" mocked Unholtz. "Oh, nothing—nothing at all!—except that you happen to be Captain Johnson!"

The young man smiled enigmatically.

"What's your game?" he asked again.

"I'll tell you," answered Unholtz, "and you can do as I say, or—" he shrugged slightly, "—go back into British territory a prisoner to face trial for shooting Colonel Caxton." He eyed the young man searchingly for some sign of emotion, but saw nothing but a quizzical half-smile. "I," he continued, "am Lieutenant Gustave Unholtz, of the Belgian Border Police. You may have heard of me."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, I'm sure," said the young man with mock humility; "but I'm sorry to say that I never heard of you. Anyway, you're a German; what are you doing in the Belgian police? Personally, I think you're either a liar, a bushwhacker or an ivory poacher. Or is it possible that you are a plain fool?"

# PILGRIMS' PROGRESS

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

Professor of Government at Harvard University



The landing of the Pilgrims—as that famous event was re-enacted at Plymouth during the Tercenary Celebration of the arrival of the Mayflower.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—This summer's series of notable observances at Plymouth, Mass., commemorating the tercentennial of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, is to culminate next week with the Congress of the Society of Mayflower Descendants. This will be the ninth general Congress of the Mayflower Society and, during its sessions from September 5 to 10, a Memorial to the Pilgrims will be dedicated on Cole's Hill there.

Professor Hart, as the reader will recognize, is one of the most eminent living authorities on the early history of New England. In the accompanying article he contributes an appreciation of the Pilgrims that is both timely and illuminating.)

## "Our Pilgrim Stock Wuz Petched with Hardihood"

SO sang James Russell Lowell, that Nineteenth Century poet who of all moderns most closely sensed the humor and the sentiment of his New England ancestors. Yet, though "pitched with hardihood," the little colony of Plymouth hardly thought of itself as Pilgrim Fathers. Real Pilgrims never cross the seas in order to settle down and worship God, trade with the Indians and establish town meetings. Real Pilgrims traverse weary deserts and unquiet seas to pay their vows at Jerusalem; and come home bringing the palm twig which makes them life-long "Palmer," to be revered as we now revere people who have recently been to Moscow and come back alive.

The name, Pilgrim, was no chance shot. Bradford in his history bestowed upon his associates the age-ringing title within ten years of their arrival in the words, "They knew they were but pilgrims and

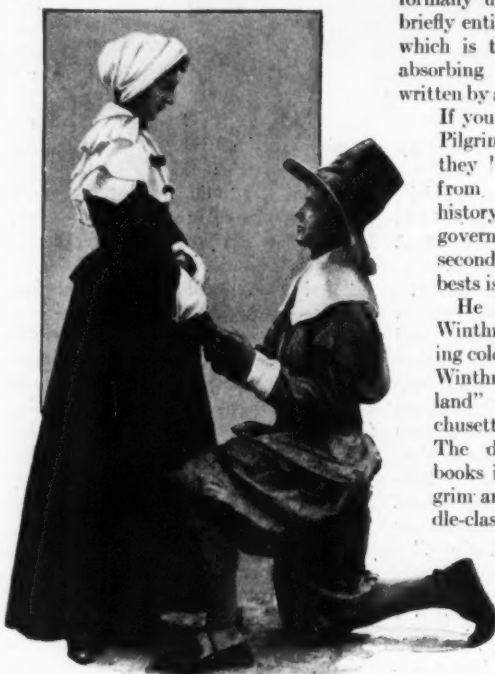
looked not much on those things but lift up their eye to ye heavens."

Certainly the settlers of New Plymouth, though they expected to live and die on the new continent, always had the Pilgrims' sense of going through a won-

drous strange experience, which would always set them apart from the rest of mankind. Else why did Gov. William Bradford begin to keep a journal the day the *Mayflower* left England, which was shortly printed? Why did he then formally undertake the wonderful book briefly entitled "Of Plimoth Plantation," which is to this day one of the most absorbing historical narratives ever written by an American or about America.

If you really want to know who the Pilgrims were, what they did, what they believed, what they refrained from, what they stand for in the history of free thought and free government, the best book, the second best, and all the rest of the bests is Bradford's.

He had a counterpart in John Winthrop, governor of the neighboring colony of the Massachusetts Bay. Winthrop's "History of New England" (by which he meant Massachusetts) is also a classic narrative. The difference between the two books is the difference between Pilgrim and Puritan, between the middle-class, young, enthusiastic and democratic-minded Bradford, and the calm, conservative, and competent English country gentleman and American administrator and statesman who did his best to hold the community at large back from indiscriminate share in the colonial gov-



INTERNATIONAL

The fair Priscilla has just remarked to John Alden, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" and John is following the suggestion



ernment. He is cautious and cold and fearful of his neighbors. Bradford's words blow like the wind; but he reveals himself.

Winthrop states his idea of government in his famous discourse upon liberty before the General Court of the colony: "If you will be satisfied to enjoy such liberties as that Christ allows you, then will you quietly and cheerfully submit to that authority which is set over you and all the administrations of it for your good." That "authority" was the magistrates and clergy, who for two generations made the vital decisions of the Bay colony.

Yet Pilgrim and Puritan sailed much the same course in many respects. The most recent writer on New England, James Thurs-

low Adams, assails the idea that in theology and standards of conduct and relation to the Church of Eng-



"Charles William Eliot has said in recent years that he 'did not sympathize so much with the Pilgrim Fathers as with the Pilgrim Mothers; for they had to live with the Pilgrim Fathers.'" This is the "Hopkins family"—snapped during the Plymouth pageant. Certainly the Hopkins women found the business of living no sinecure

land, the Pilgrims can be separated from the rest of the Puritans in England and the New England colonies.

In fact, the Rhode Islanders were the only genuine non-Puritan come-outers among the early colonists: they alone harbored Baptists and Quakers, who somehow proved to be respectable and law-abiding people when they were not persecuted.

All the New England colonies shared with their English brethren an abhorrence of the Church of England, and an insistence on the right of private judgment, so long as it agreed with the judgment of the ministers and the neighbors. All of them were passionately fond of the Bible, particularly the Old Testament with its comforting curses upon what a Puritan lady of a later period called "the Hittites and the Jebusites and the Amalekites, and all them kites; Joshua, he sent them kiting!"

Nevertheless everybody who knows the early history of the two original New England colonies must see how many of the mistakes of Massachusetts Puritans were avoided by the men and women of Plymouth. Throughout their seventy years of separate colonial life they showed a spirit more like that of the later Massachusetts and of the little western Massachusetts that

later sprang up all the way across the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The splendid qualities of Puritan character all appear in Plymouth; but the Pilgrims were free from some of the unlovely traits of the bigger, more ambitious and belligerent neighbors.

Take the question of religious tolerance; a virtue little known or esteemed in the world before 1600. There is no escaping the fact that the Puritans in general demanded toleration for themselves in England and denied it to Catholics, Episcopalians and Baptists when they got the power there and in the New World. The first crisis in Massachusetts history was the Antinomian controversy, which according to Winthrop turned upon Mrs. Hutchinson's "Two dangerous errors: 1. That the person of the Holy Ghost dwells in a justified person. 2. That no sanctification can help to evidence to us our justification."

To the modern mind these beliefs, even if understood by their holders, did not threaten the state. Really Anne Hutchinson's two unpardonable offenses were: founding the first approach to a women's club with its "two public lectures every week in her house, where sixty or eighty persons did usually resort;" and accusing the ministers in Boston of "not preaching a covenant of free grace," whatever that may mean. Hence, she was banished from the colony and sent into the wilderness, where presently the Indians put an end to her troubling of Massachusetts.

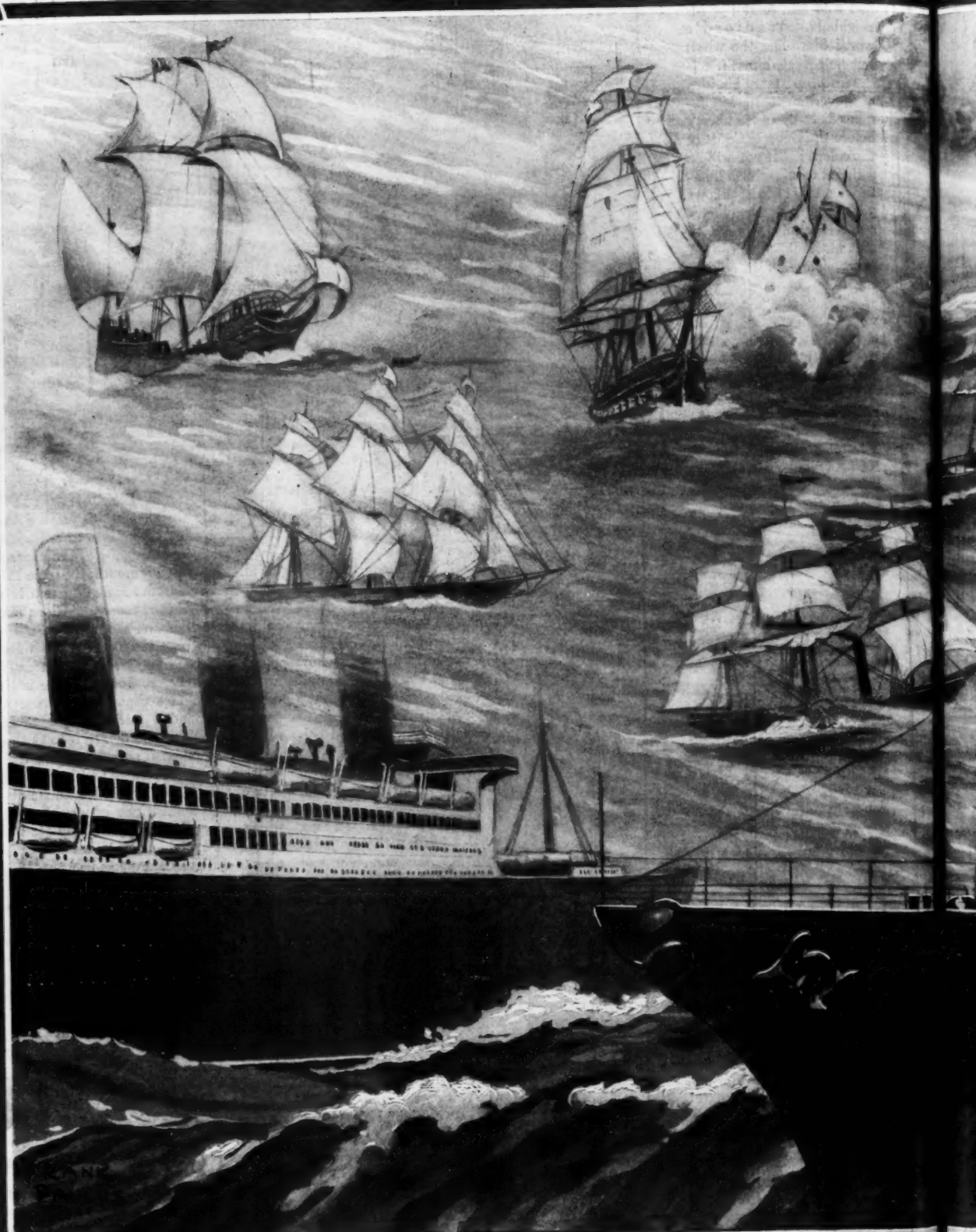
In Plymouth there never was a real, bitter, honest-to-the-Devil heresy trial. They found Roger Williams good enough to be their minister when Massachusetts people spewed him out of their mouth. They even allowed Episcopalians to make a brief stay in their colony.

(Continued on page 313)



PHOTOS INTERNATIONAL

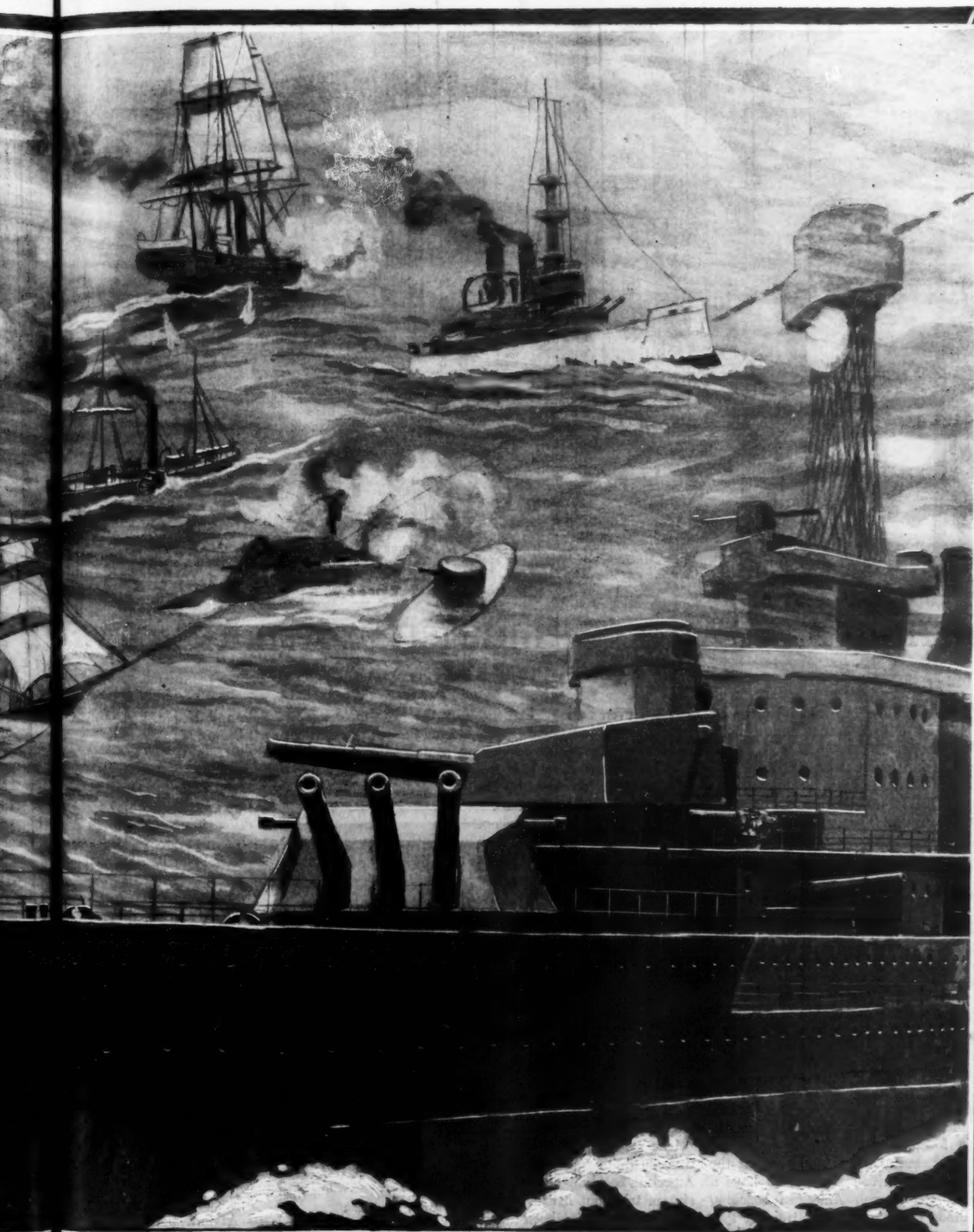
The Mayflower of 1921. It is an exact replica of the good ship which brought the first of the New Englanders across the Atlantic. Once on this side nobody ever cared to return. What were cold, and hostile Indians, and starvation compared with a lengthy voyage in a tiny tub like this?



1621

THREE CENTURIES of MIGHTY PROGRESS at SEA since the TIN MAN

FOR KEY TO ILLUSTRATION SEE PAGE 315



TIN MAYFLOWER LANDED *the* FIRST PILGRIMS *at* PLYMOUTH



1921

DRAWN BY FRANK PAULUS, LESLIE'S STAFF ARTIST





Over the bar goes R.T. Dickman, of Oxford.

It isn't often that B. G. Rudd, Oxford's speed marvel, is last in an event. This snapshot is, therefore, of unusual interest. It shows Rudd finishing fourth in the 100-yard dash at Travers Island, when the combined teams of Oxford and Cambridge met the teams of Princeton and Cornell. The winner in this case is H. M. Abrahams, of Cambridge, F. K. Lovejoy, of Cornell, is second—on the Britisher's right.

## ATHLETIC TRAINING—BRITISH *vs.* AMERICAN

By HUGH S. FULLERTON

**C**OACHES of American University and college teams and athletic trainers generally in America review with considerable uneasiness the effects of the recent invasion of the United States by the athletic teams of Oxford and Cambridge. The uneasiness is not un-mixed with alarm on the part of some and with reform ideas on the part of others.

While the visit of the British track team, viewed from the standpoint of international friendship, has had an inspiring effect and resulted in the cementing of the finest ties of sportsmanship, the men in charge of American college athletics are sorely disturbed, the range of their disturbance being from sharp criticism of the British system of training to frank admission that American coaches should be able to gather valuable hints from a study of the methods, or lack of method, of the British 'varsity men.

The majority of coaches, who watched with feelings varying from admiration to astonishment, admit frankly that the visit of the British is liable to have a strong effect upon American coaching methods and a change in training systems, and that future international contests between the great colleges of the two countries are extremely liable to add to this tendency.

That the American system will be

adopted even to a slight degree by the British is not considered probable, and there is a wide range of opinion as to whether American athletic training will be benefited or damaged by the adoption of the British ideas.

One prominent Eastern college coach, after watching the British athletes in training between the meet at Harvard and the contests on Travers Island, remarked:

"Moakley and Keene Fitzpatrick never will be able to get their track teams to work properly for condition while this generation remembers the British style. In my opinion the danger is not in the system at all, but in the tendency of American boys to carry it to extremes. The British system suits the British, but it would ruin the majority of our athletes."

The majority of the coaches concede quite frankly that the American coaching and training system tried out in the British universities has not been a success and that it is practically discarded.

The amazement of the American athletes when they watched the British stars preparing for

the meet against Yale and Harvard increased by degrees. Oxford and Cambridge sent over their team without a coach and seemingly without a worry or

care. There had been considerable discussion of the alleged system of preparation of athletes used by the Universities, and I sallied forth to discover what it was.

"British system?" snorted one who has charge of athletes at one of our larger preparatory schools. "They haven't any. They act as if they were out on a pleasure trip. They work a bit at times, run their distances, practice a while, light a pipe, eat a meal or two, take a stroll and call it a day."

At first glance it appeared as if his snorting criticism was justified, but a deeper investigation revealed the fact



PHOTOS © KEYSTONE

"Forseman, the slender, game little Princetonian, who won the three-mile race, perhaps is as good an example of the results to be attained by the American system of training as can be found."



The finish of the longest jump ever made by a human being. As the picture was snapped Gourdin, Harvard's brilliant track performer, was landing after clearing the unprecedented distance of 25 feet, 3 inches. The jump was the feature of the Oxford-Cambridge-Yale-Harvard track meet—won by the American colleges.

England's greatest runner—Bevil G. D. Rudd, of Oxford, in action. Rudd is a Rhodes Scholar from Africa.

that each man on the Oxford-Cambridge team was getting ready in his own way. The chief point of the system, however, was that it is entirely different from ours. Rated by American standards the British runners especially did not train at all. Yet no one could say they were not in condition, and ready and physically fit to do the work assigned them.

The principal point in their training was this: that they did their work on the track or field. During the actual work they worked as hard, or even harder than American athletes do, covered their distances more frequently and at faster average speed—and that they ordinarily over-ran their distances, each going a little further in trials than he expected to be called upon to do in the actual events.

Off the track or field they lived their ordinary lives.

The stories that the British stars smoked pipes between trial heats, however, were rather gross exaggerations. Captain Seagrove stated that smoking, while not forbidden, was limited. Rudd, a one-man team in himself, remarked:

"I do not smoke while working, although I confess it is a bit of a sacrifice, and I limit myself to one pipe a day, smoked before retiring."

In the British training camps the retiring hour was ten to ten-thirty, the rising hour was considerably earlier than that of the American varsity men, and four and sometimes five meals, two ordinarily heavy and the others merely lunches at short intervals, were consumed.

In the meet at Cambridge the British contestants appeared in slightly lower form than the Americans, although in splendid physical condition. The American athletes seemed in the most perfect condition; in fact in better condition than college athletes in this country ordinarily are at the end of the school year.

At the Travers Island meet it seemed as if the British were in practically unchanged form, neither better nor worse than they were at the first meet, but it was quite evident that the Cornell and Princeton fellows were

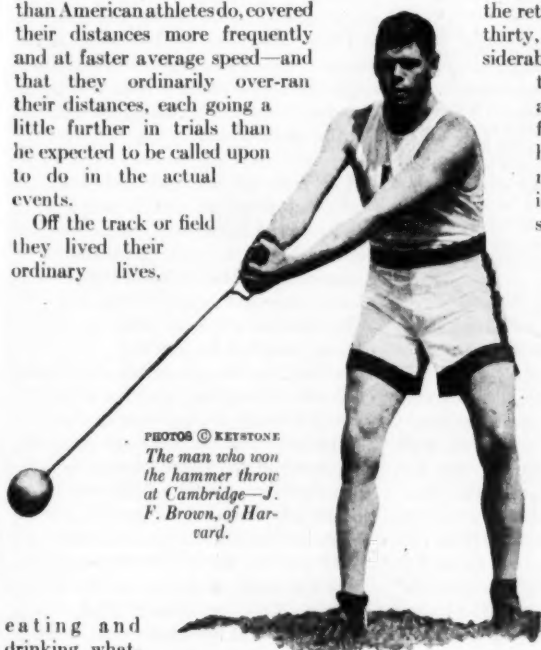
not even close to their top form, save perhaps Foreman and Stevenson, of Princeton. The Cornell athletes were sadly out of condition, and Don Lourie, the Princeton star, failed to come within a foot of his distance in the jump.

Some of the Americans, however, had been scattered to their homes and returned too late for any effective conditioning by our system. The British, who had been junketing and sight-seeing, however, were practically in the same physical condition they were in at Cambridge.

The results at Travers Island, perhaps, reveal the effect of the two systems of preparation as clearly as can be shown. The meet raised the question as to whether or not, after all, the British system, or lack of it, is not better. American athletes, who were in top form in late June, who merely relaxed but did not stop training, were sadly out of condition on July 28. The British, practically untrained according to our ideas, held that condition unchanged.

Condition, after all, is what H. E. K. once declared it to be: "That brief interval between getting ready and going stale." Many of the athletic directors are of the opinion that the American system of developing an athlete and bringing him gradually to finer and finer condition makes the period of real perfection in condition too brief, while the British system of storing up and conserving power and strength extends the condition period over a much greater time.

Foreman, the slender, game little Princetonian, who won the three-mile (Continued on page 316)



PHOTOS © KEYSTONE  
The man who won the hammer throw at Cambridge—J. F. Brown, of Harvard.

eating and drinking whatever their appetite demanded, simple food but in much larger quantities than our athletes would consume. Each man seemingly selected his own diet, and pastries, jams, even candy were observed.

# DO YOUR EYES HIDE STRANGE FORCES?

*An English Scientist Claims that they do, and he has Invented an Instrument which, Apparently, Proves his Contention*

By HERWARD CARRINGTON, Ph. D.

**A**T a meeting of eye-specialists held in Oxford, England, a short time ago, a startling announcement was made by Dr. Charles Russ, M. R. C. S., L. R. C. P. It was that, after three years of patient research, he had proved, by means of a delicate instrument, that the human eye radiates a form of power or energy, which can be measured upon his instrument. The operation of the instrument in question was proved in the Congress, and a sensation was created by the announcement of his remarkable discovery.

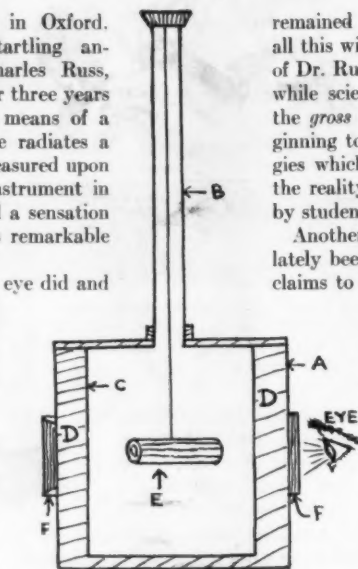
Somehow, we have always felt that the eye did and must radiate some force of the kind! The eyes have been called "The windows of the soul," and by means of these "windows" we not only see the world without, but we communicate with that world in a way hitherto unsuspected!

Poetry and romance have been full of the power of the eye. We have read of the "darting glances of compelling love," "looking with one's whole soul," "the commanding look," etc.; and, if Dr. Russ's discovery be true, there is a scientific basis for all these beliefs and feelings. To use his own words, he had often wondered "if it were not true that some force or ray or invisible search-light were not pouring out from the eye some force which might account for those delightful sensations of the Romeo and Juliet type of vision, or, on the other hand, for the sinister power that the glances of Nero must have conveyed." Indeed, the "evil eye," believed in by the Italian peasants, may find some confirmation in this discovery!

**F**OR several years Dr. Russ worked upon an instrument which would be sufficiently delicate to register this pressure, if exerted. His researches culminated in the idea of a brass cylinder in which he hung a delicate spiral of fine copper wire. This solenoid (coil) was wound upon a cylinder of celluloid and was suspended by a fiber of unspun silk, contained within a long glass tube. A small magnet held the solenoid in position, and the apparatus was electrically earthed by a connective wire.

Dr. Russ proved that if he concentrated his gaze upon one end of the suspended body, through the window-slot, it would sway away from him; when he looked at the opposite end, it swayed towards him; and when he looked directly at the center of the body, it was stationary.

This apparatus, therefore, seems to show us that there is a definite force radiated from the human eye, and that, when one person looks at another, a real form of power is thereby transferred. This force Dr. Russ believes to be physical in character, probably akin to heat or



The essential parts in the apparatus employed in measuring the energy which radiates from the human eye are here shown. "A" is a glass vessel, coated inside with tinfoil, which insulates the interior of the vessel from external electrical or thermal influences. Above this projects a tall glass chimney ("B"), hermetically closed at the top. From the center of this hangs a fine, untwisted silk thread, to the lower end of which is fastened a solenoid ("E")—a cylinder of mica, with strips of aluminum foil inside and out. An inner glass vessel ("C") is enclosed within the first, and the space between them is filled with paraffin ("D"). On opposite sides of the vessel (on the outside) are attached two metal plates ("F"—"F'"), both electrically charged. An electric field is thus established between the two plates, and the space between them is filled with the solenoid (coil) is forced to assume a position facing these plates. Openings are left between the plates, through which the observer looks at the solenoid, in the interior of the apparatus.

the electric rays, though its nature has not so far been determined.

It is interesting to note, in this connection, that "occult science" has taught this for many years. In a work, published in French, some fifteen years ago, entitled "Exteriorization of Sensibility," by Albert de Rochas, will be found a diagram, showing rays issuing from the human eye, which de Rochas claimed to have proved. The early "mesmerists" also believed in the power of the human gaze, as a means of inducing the trance state.

This discovery by Dr. Russ, therefore, not only throws an interesting light upon these older beliefs and teachings, but also offers a possible solution of many psychic phenomena—such as telepathy, influence at a distance, etc., which have hitherto

remained unexplained. The detailed working-out of all this will doubtless require years; but the discovery of Dr. Russ will unquestionably serve to show us that, while science has so far discovered much concerning the gross energies of the body, we are only now beginning to discover and explore the subtle, finer energies which we possess and unconsciously utilize, and the reality of which has been asserted for years past by students of this field of research.

Another remarkable discovery about the eyes has lately been made by Dr. A. Cantonnet, of Paris, who claims to have proved that the blind can see—at least to the extent that they can perceive the difference between light and darkness.

Dr. Cantonnet began by a series of experiments upon himself; he then tested his theory upon other, normal individuals, and finally upon blind people. He found that, by bandaging his eyes tightly (so that they were quite light-proof) and concentrating his attention for fifty hours on the sensation of light, he could, at the end of that time, perceive, not only the difference between light and darkness, but also large and shining objects.

Testing blind persons, he found the same ability. They, too, learned to distinguish between light and darkness. Dr. Cantonnet attributes this "vision without eyes" to the activity of Ranvier's sensory cells, which are situated in the front of the eye-ball, behind the cornea. By means of some hitherto unsuspected action of these cells, it is possible, Dr. Cantonnet thinks, to account for the phenomena.

**W**E have all heard the story of the murdered woman, in whose eyes was found the image of the man who had murdered her! It is in fact a matter of common belief that "the last object one sees is impressed upon the eye."

Dr. Kuhne, a famous scientist at Heidelberg, conducted a series of experiments upon rabbits. He placed a white grating in front of the rabbit, and fixed its head so that it could not move, and thus blur the image. The animal was thus forced to gaze upon the white grating for some time steadily. He then killed the rabbit and rapidly removed the eye. Upon the retina he found a clear impression of the white grating, which he photographed.

As the result of his tests, Dr. Kuhne came to this conclusion: That, if the object looked at be simple, clear and conspicuous, and the gaze is steadfast, it is possible that a faint imprint of this may be left upon the eye for a short time after death. If, however, the object be complicated in design, neutral in color, or if the head and eyes be moved ever so little, the image is non-existent.



# AS WE WERE SAYING

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

Nature Studies by W. E. HILL



## THOSE WERE THE UNHAPPY DAYS

**I**S the female figure a new institution? Or are we all wrong? We'll say this, anyway: that until recent years the girl with the perfect measurements kept her ideal proportions to herself, or to a limited circle of friends. She didn't rush her picture into print, with a table of calf, thigh and waist figures, the way she does now. If there were any rivals of the Venus de Milo under those old hoop skirts of sixty years ago, or even the bustles of forty, nobody outside the immediate family knew of it, a search of old files failing to reveal as much as a single pictured shape. Not even old *Police Gazette* files show any entries for the Venus stakes, the nearest approach being beefy ladies with disordered hair whose display was entirely incidental to their being murdered by as burly a ruffian as the woodcut craftsman of the period could evolve.

Of purely artistic exhibition there seems to have been none; yet it is inconceivable that this was so because of any dearth of fitting subjects. We cannot be so egotistical as to assume that there were no Venuses before 1920 or thereabout. With us, Venuses are as common as Fords; scarcely a week passing without the appearance of one or more, Miss Tillie Busby of Little Falls, N. Y., or Miss Mabel Jiggly of Marblehead, Mass.,

in the Sunday illustrated supplements. But hold! It may be that the vogue of the one-piece bathing suit has something to do with it. Not that a one-piece bathing suit has power to transform into a Venus any one stepping within its scanty limits; it is merely fortunate that the

## NATURE SONG

*Oh, the Chickadee—dee  
Is a bad little thing;  
He swears in the tree,  
And he swears on the wing*

*I heard him to-day,  
As bold as could be,  
Repeatedly say,  
"Oh, Chickad—, d—!"*

*I know what I heard,  
And most certain I am  
That this bad little bird  
Meant, "Chickadamn, damn!"*

one-piece bathing suit happens to be vogue at a time when replicas of Venus are so plentiful. It seems almost providential.

A wave of tardy sympathy engulfs us as we think of the Venuses of sixty years ago. Of what use were ideal measurements in those days, of what use was it to be a Tillie Busby of Little Falls or a

Mabel Jiggly of Marblehead, when bathing suits started at the chin and hung like a deflated balloon until modestly gathered with laces at the ankles? The "goods" were there, but the difficulties attendant upon showing them were insuperable. Those were the unhappy days!

\*\*\*

*Somebody has found in Peru a tree which gives forth wine. All you have to do is to slash the bark. Seems like we had heard the expression, "drawn from the wood," before.*

\*\*\*

## IA BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

**H**OW well you manage to make both ends meet," we said to the happy little housekeeper.

"Oh, but I don't make both ends meet," she corrected. "I keep house like the United States, and never make ends meet."

"Like the United States?" we queried, puzzled.

"Yes; I get what I want whether I can afford it or not, and then at the end of the year I give my husband a deficiency bill. You know; just like Congress does every session, to make the public think it has lived within its income."

Whereat we were lost in admiration.

## The Lotus Flower—(Continued from page 303)

"I am Allan Bertram," repeated the young man, meaningly, with a smile.

Unholtz laughed delightedly. "You'll do!" he chuckled. "You'll win!"

A few minutes later the young man, mounted upon a spirited pony, crossed the river again, and paused for a moment to look upon his dead horse. The vultures, kites and marabou storks were settling around it fast, and a frown nestled between his eyes. His lips tightened ominously; the slate-gray eyes seemed to emit a cold, electric flash of anger; then he rode away into the haze of dancing heat waves.

Several weeks later came the news to the frontier settlements that there was a new manager at the Rancho D'Estes—one Allan Bertram—an Englishman. The name stirred vague memories amongst some of the oldest settlers.

Still several weeks later, Unholtz and a squad of his native border patrol troops rode into the Rancho D'Estes. He said he came to pay his respects to the illustrious new *patron*. He managed to get that young man aside.

"You see?" he said swiftly. "I knew what I was saying. You have done well. Are you going through with it?"

"I am!"

"Good! Are you making any progress with the girl?"

The new manager shrugged his shoulders. "God knows!" he answered. His eyes strayed to the broad veranda, cool with the shade of flowering vines, where a girl sat. She was in the first flush of her youth, regal as a little queen, her jet-black hair framing the delicately tinted olive skin like a soft shadow.

Unholtz laughed low. "You will win," he predicted, "because you love her. Didn't I tell you she was marvelous? Go through with it—you are lucky to have such a wonderful chance!"

"I am going through with it," replied the young man softly.

"Good! You will win! I am sure—or else I have studied human nature in vain for forty years! Now, as soon as you have married the girl—and you must do it quickly—I want you to deed to me the 200 hundred acres that lie near the Mimale Donga—you know the land I mean?"

Bertram nodded.

"And I would suggest, to hurry the marriage along, that you compromise the girl."

Bertram turned upon him with reptilian swiftness, an icy, terrible menace in his eyes.

"It wouldn't do for you to make another move," went on Unholtz calmly. "Don't try to kill me—there are too many people around—besides, I have my finger on the trigger of my pocket pistol, and I'll

generously. "Signor Johnson," he began again, meaningly, "it is either that, or—" Bertram laughed—a very unpleasant laugh.

"Very well," he said. "We shall see. I must first win her, then we shall have an accounting."

"Yes," agreed Unholtz calmly, "we shall have to have an accounting. And please don't forget what will happen unless it is one that suits me thoroughly! Perhaps, who knows, I may be inclined to share—one can never tell!"

And he rode away soon afterward, quite convinced that he was on the road to the ownership of the treasure acres. Ah, he had planned it all well, shrewdly! And how fortunate that this young outlaw should come to his clever hands at the proper moment! It was providential!

As for the young man, he needed no urging. There is magic in the tropical moonlight of Central Africa. It is white, eerie; and that night, in the moon-drenched garden, a trembling girl crept into his arms, and confessed her love for him.

The man who had faced grave dangers with an immutable smile, who had smoked a stoical cigarette under the menace of the black muzzle of a threatening carbine, trembled.

"You must never leave me!" the girl whispered; "never—never! If you did—I would die!"

"I never shall!" he answered brokenly. "Oh, the gods were kind when they gave me you—you unthinkable, unbelievable beauty! You're a rose," he whispered; "the rose of heart's delight. You're all the beautiful, indescribable things that ever came into men's dreams and died on the waking—all of them put together! Besides, I have eaten lotus—all the past is forgotten—you are now my

universe!"

Then for a time there was silence until a slight sound behind them startled the lovers. The old woman stood looking at them, bent, hideous, terrible. At her sharp direction, the girl fled to her room. The man remained standing, ill at ease.

"What have you to say?" asked the hag sharply, at length.

"What is there to say—except that I love her."

"You love her!" she repeated. "You—you! Well, perhaps you do—after the manner of the English!" She was trembling violently, and her voice shook as

(Concluded on page 315)

### RELEASE

By LOUISE SAUNDERS PERKINS

*I had a house, a tiny house,  
So pretty and so warm.  
And only, faintly, through its walls,  
I heard the wind and storm.  
I wandered up and down inside  
And sang—nor knew the world was wide.*

*Then lightning struck, like a dagger thrust,  
And tore my house apart!  
With a thousand whips, the wild rain stung  
And cruel the cold! My heart  
Choked with terror as, all alone,  
I groped my way from the tumbled stone.*

*But oh, to run with the pouring wind,  
To know the dark blue night,  
To watch appear, o'er folded hills,  
The first star's lovely light,  
Were worth the cold—worth even fear  
When furtive wolves come lurking near.*

*Better than sitting by the fire,  
All bundled up in shawls,  
Than safety in a little house,  
With silly papered walls,  
Is beauty, on a dangerous height,  
In green woods, dark and still,  
Though there, I know, do lean wolves spring—  
To kill!*

shoot through the pocket, if I have to! Don't be so touchy! I do not mean to offend you, but time presses, Signor Johnson, and I must have my payment, or the King's Rifles may yet hear where you are! Come, my friend," he laughed, "don't glare so! It is true that I am impatient, but I mean no offence. What are 200 acres to you, who will presently own many thousands—"

"Unholtz," interrupted the young man calmly, "I know as well as you do what blue earth means. You know that there are diamonds on that piece of ground, and you want it all!"

The small, piggy eyes contracted dan-

# Pilgrim's Progress—(Continued from page 305)

In politics Plymouth was far more democratic than most of the colonies. In Massachusetts none could vote except selected church members. Plymouth early received "pettlers," that is, men who had no share in the business company. Non-church members were often allowed to share in the government, including "Captain Shrimp," as Myles Standish was called by an enemy.

As for toleration, the only thick and thin tolerationist was Roger Williams in Rhode Island; but it was 1650 before the statute book of Plymouth shows an act against "any churches or public meetings diversified from those already set up and approved;" and there was no formal persecution of other sects. Even the Quakers, who were not welcomed, received none of that barbarous treatment which was such a reproach against Massachusetts. Too much has been made of Governor Bradford's objection to the celebration of Christmas. All the colonies had blue laws, but those of Plymouth were violet in hue and carry with them no such inhumanity as some of the neighbors enjoyed.

**T**HE Puritans were reproached even in their own time for harshness of life and sternness of demeanor. Charles William Eliot has said in recent years that he "did not sympathize so much with the Pilgrim Fathers as with the Pilgrim Mothers; for they had to live with the Pilgrim Fathers." Yet the ancestor of Charles William Eliot was John Eliot, as sweet a soul as ever loved his fellow men. In his journal he sets down such notes as these: "The wife of William Talmadge, she was a brave merchant and a godly woman—she died and left a gracious favor behind her." "Bro. Griggs who lay in a long affliction of sickness and shined like gold in it."

Bradford is full of such quaint nuggets. Note his imperishable account of the landing of the first men from the *Mayflower* to set foot in Plymouth: "But tho this had been a day & night of much trouble & danger vnto them; yet god gaue them a morning of comforte & refreshinge (as usually he doth to his children) for ye next day was a faire sunshiny day,—So they returned to their shipp againe with this news to ye rest of their people, which did much comforte their harts."

In like manner Gov. Edward Winslow: "The country wanteth only industrious men to employ; for it would grieve your hearts if, as I, you had seen so many miles together by goodly rivers uninhabited; and withal, to consider those parts of the world wherein you live to be even greatly burthened with abundance of people."

Though more moderate than their northern brethren the Pilgrims had plenty of initiative and set an example of a



INTERNATIONAL

The Pilgrims offering prayers of thanks on board the *Mayflower* on their arrival at Plymouth in 1620—another scene from the Plymouth pageant.

community which could govern itself and yet get on peaceably with its neighbors. The *Mayflower Compact* was in the beginning only an enlargement of the usual church covenant; but it contained the precious thought of the right of a community, not only to govern itself, but to govern under a superior binding agreement.

There was nothing new in a written form of government. The charter of the Virginia company, granted in 1606, made provision for government; but it was a government by men appointed by the king who sat in England. The *Mayflower Compact* is therefore the germ of the great American idea of the written Constitution, made not only for the people and of the people, but by the people. Massachusetts had an elaborate charter but it was handed down to it from above; the Plymouth people put in their own underpinning.

They also instituted the first town meeting in America, with its idea that every grown man had a presumptive right to take part. In fact, for sixteen years, while Massachusetts was setting up its General Court of Representatives from the towns, and painfully winning for it the right of legislation, Plymouth was all town meeting, an example of the purest democracy known to man. It was a well-governed commonwealth with few of the bitter quarrels which broke out among the neighbors. When, in 1643, the New Englanders came together in the first American federal government, Plymouth was a member of the New England Confederation on equal terms with Connecticut, New Haven and Massachusetts.

The Plymouth people even indulged themselves in international friendly relations with the Dutch. Through their

possessions in Maine they came into contact with the French, and there was a day when a Jesuit priest in his cassock appeared upon the streets of Plymouth, where he was received and entertained with the courtesy due to a representative of the government of Canada.

If no leading statesmen were developed by Plymouth like Winthrop and Dudley in Massachusetts, if there were no great ministers like Cotton Mather and Increase Mather, there were likewise none of the stormy contests between the theocracy and the commonalty.

Plymouth was always a small colony in area and population, and was somewhat overshadowed in commerce by its more powerful neighbor. Nevertheless "Cape Cod and All Along Shore" was the seat of a prosperous fishery and the pursuit of the "Cape Cod Turkey," is still a local industry. From the Old Colony has also sprung a race of whalers and merchant ship captains; and the Doanes, the Coffins, the Brewsters and the Bradfords are among the strongest fibers in modern industrial Massachusetts.

**A**S time went on the Plymouth people lost their feeling of separateness; and when in 1691 they were included along with Maine in the new Massachusetts Bay Colony, and it was found that it would take five hundred pounds to fight the annexation in England, Plymouth became a group of counties in the larger community and from that day to this has never threatened or desired secession.

Plymouth and Massachusetts have long since combined with the other New England States into a moral, intellectual and industrial force which affects the whole country. There were Puritans in

(Concluded on page 319)



## From Pavements to Plowshares—(Concluded from page 300)

farms can be detected in Kansas or Iowa excepting the floating labor population. It must be borne in mind that, taking the country as a whole, 17.3 per cent. of the rush harvest work is done by transient labor. In North Dakota it runs as high as 41 per cent. and in Kansas 31 per cent. of the harvest work is done by transients. Some of these men are farmers from neighboring States, but many of them are roving vagabonds and adventurers.

In the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States, where the splitting up of large ranches and the development of new lands by irrigation projects has offered the largest opportunity to the settler, the increase in number of farms and in the number of people living on farms has been greatest. To assist these settlers the University of California is offering a special one-week's course in agriculture which is designed to help the settler from the city or from other sections to get his feet on the ground and to acquaint him with conditions peculiar to Pacific Coast agriculture. This excellent idea might, it seems to me, be adopted profitably by State universities in other States where settlement is going on at a rapid rate.

It is interesting to note how farm wages, along with prices of farm products, have quite generally gone back to levels close to those prevailing before the War. In December, 1920, the *Monthly Crop Reporter* gave \$46.89 with board, as the average monthly farm wage, and \$64.94 without board as the average for the United States. Wages were highest in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States, next highest in New England and the Middle West, and lowest in the Southern and South Atlantic States. While complete reports on summer wages are not available, the indications are that there has been a general decrease since December of from 15 to 50 per cent. and in some cases even a greater reduction is reported. Monthly wages in New York for experienced farm hands are now from \$30 to \$35 with board and room. Daily wages in Connecticut are from \$2.50 to \$3; some sections of New Jersey are getting good men for from \$1.25 to \$1.75 a day with board. In Ohio harvest wages have not run over \$3 per day, and in many sections farm hands are receiving only \$2. The wage in California for ordinary farm labor is \$60 a month and board, while milkers command as high as \$85 and board.

While these wages may not seem very attractive to the city workman accustomed to getting from \$25 to \$40 a week, the great difference in living cost does much to even up matters. Doubtless, in many cases, the farm laborer who is furnished, as frequently occurs, a house, garden, firewood, a cow and chicken feed, will be able to make a substantial saving, whereas a city family earning as high as \$2,000 a year might have to fight hard to break even.

There is on the Ohio farm on which I was born and raised, and which is still operated by members of my family, a colored man named Sherman, who has worked on this farm without interrup-

to provide a sinking fund against possible losses for the first two or three years until things get going and prices improve. It would be folly to attempt to buy and operate a farm with less than \$2,500 capital, and \$5,000 would be better. This, of course, would vary greatly with location and special conditions. A safe plan before buying is to work a year in the neighborhood as a helper to some good farmer. There is much to be said in favor of the method by which most farmers become land owners—by being first a farm hand, then a tenant, and finally an owner. It is slower but also safer than rushing in without sufficient experience and without adequate capital.

There are a few farm "bargains"; likewise there are many farm goldbricks. Be sure of your proposition before you buy. A reputable agency is very useful in helping locate places for sale, but don't rely on it as your only guide. County agents, State extension departments, agricultural colleges, experiment stations and various State offices are equipped and only too willing to give advice or assistance to the would-be farm buyer. Don't be led astray by fine buildings and equipment; the soil is the thing. Many abandoned farms are worse than useless; many \$50-an-

acre farms are not worth \$10. A few \$50-an-acre farms may be worth potentially \$100 an acre, but it will take money and intelligent soil building to put them in that class. Climate, markets, roads, schools, churches and other social features are important, but first comes the necessity of having a productive soil, or one that can be made productive.

For some reasons now is a favorable time for beginners to get a start farming. Prices are low, true, but that is an advantage when it comes to buying livestock—especially purebreds—feed, seed, used farm machinery, etc. The farmer will be the first to get his operating costs back to normal levels. But things he must buy in town are still away out of proportion to what he receives for his crops.

Intelligent, country-loving city people probably have as good an opportunity now to start farming as there will ever be. But they should be prepared to weather financial storms for several years. It will not be a rose-strewn path; but then farming never was. It is a fine thing to live on a farm, but quite different from making a living on one. If you have the knack and like the life nothing equals it.



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Using autos and trailers, several Brooklyn (N. Y.) families go "back to the farm."

tion for over twenty years. His wages, to my knowledge, have never been over \$12 a week, excepting during corn harvesting time when the men are given an opportunity to make extra money by doing piece work. Sherman has been a faithful and intelligent worker; he has for many years had charge of extensive sheep-feeding operations and he does his work well. By careful management and saving he and his wife have managed to buy and pay for two houses, the one in which they live being comfortably furnished. The other is rented out. In addition, they own a small car which takes them on excursions to near-by cities. True, they have no children and the wife has also worked out occasionally. But I wonder how many city wage-earners do as well as this couple who have lived and saved money on an income that might average \$9 a week, certainly no higher?

But to return to the city people who want to go on farms as owners. Now is not a very profitable time to go into the farming business even for an experienced farmer. There should be sufficient capital to secure an adequate equipment and

# The Lotus Flower—(Concluded from page 312)

she went on: "More than thirty years ago, another Englishman came to Entebbe, and finally found his way here. He, like you, was handsome, laughing, a cavalier. There was a girl here then, too, a beautiful girl who listened to his tales and whose soul went with her kisses. Just before they were to be married, he rode away—simply disappeared—and never returned.

"Thousands of torturing thoughts tore her soul apart: She thought he was lost upon the veldt; she thought of lions, vicious natives; she waited in agony and prayed, but he never came back! She grew old and wrinkled and hideous before her time. But she never got too old so that her heart didn't threaten to burst every time a horseman forded the river! And she watched always—always! She never forgot!

"You came as he did. I saw your ring, and I knew who you were, *Signor Cavalier!* The man of thirty years ago was your father, and the girl—was I! Had I guessed who you were when I first saw you, I would have had my men riddle you with bullets before you reached my shores; but it was too late. I saw the look in Florelle's eyes when she first saw you—the same look that must have been in my eyes when I saw your father—and it was too late. But you shall not kiss and ride away—do you hear me? You shall stay, and pay—" Her voice broke hysterically.

"Donna D'Estes," faltered Bertram, in a whisper, "I will stay—I could not go away—I could never forget! And perhaps you wrong my father; perhaps he, too, did not forget."

The old woman sobbed suddenly, and left him alone in the garden; and presently, Florelle silently stole out to him again.

Again Unholtz was deeply stirred. He rode into the Rancho D'Estes and asked

for the illustrious new manager. He was told that Bertram could be found at the great banana shambas. At a certain spot on the tricky river, where a treacherous game trail led to a hidden quicksand, they met.

"News has come to me," gasped the startled Unholtz, "that Captain Johnson was caught and shot last week on the Sotik plains."

"Yes, so I have already heard."

"Then you are not Johnson?"

"Assuredly not!"

Unholtz recovered quickly. "Of course," he said, "that will not affect our bargain, but who, in the name of the foul fiends, are you?"

Then Bertram laughed—the ugly laugh that Unholtz had learned to detest and fear.

"Thirty years ago," he answered grimly, "two men met here, near the quicksand. They were supposed to be good friends—at least, one of them thought that the other was his friend. Can you tell me why one of them stabbed the other in the back and threw his body into the quicksand?"

The blood drained slowly from Unholtz's face, leaving an ashen pallor. He saw the young man's hand resting upon the handle of his heavy Browning, and his eyes shifted uneasily to the quicksand.

"I loved her, too," he said slowly. "She—that old hag! was beautiful then, strange as it may seem to you. She, too, was known as the Lotus Flower, but she loved him—loves him yet! She would never marry. But even so, what has all this to do—"

"This," interrupted the young man grimly: "Bertram did not die. You did not strike hard enough—for once in your rotten life! He floundered out of the quicksand, floated downstream to the lake, and was picked up by some friendly

natives and taken to Port Florence. It was three years before he was a well man again—and then he could not come back—it was too late. Much can happen in three years.

"You want to know who I am? I'll tell you. I am Allan Bertram, just as my father was Allan Bertram. I came to see the scene of his adventure, and to find—you! Before he died he told me all this."

Unholtz slumped in his saddle, an unutterable terror in his eyes, his mouth working in futile astonishment. The blue muzzle of the Browning never wavered a fraction of an inch, and death leered at him from the black depths that confronted him.

"You shall have a choice, however," went on the cold, remorseless voice of the young man: "You will either leave this part of the country forever, and never be seen again in Uganda or the Congo—or there is the quicksands. You see, an Englishman at least gives you a choice—and a chance for your life, worthless as it is. Which will it be?"

Unholtz wheeled his horse abruptly about and lashed the beast into a frenzied gallop, leaving the scene forever, while Allan Bertram rode slowly toward the house, his thumb absently, though tenderly, caressing the silver seal ring on his finger.

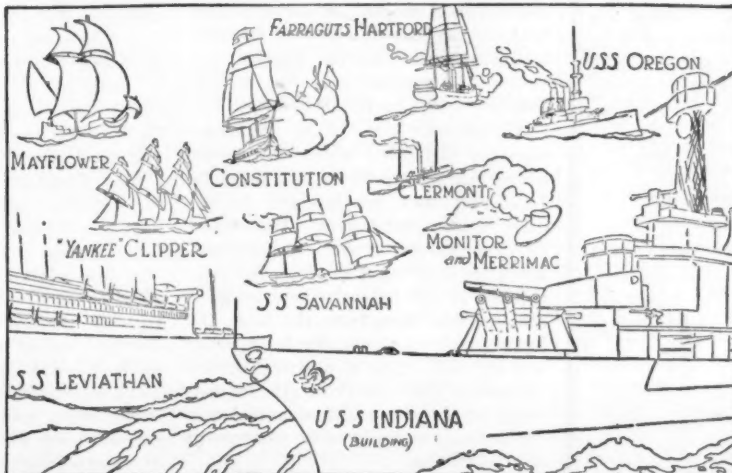
From the shadowy depths of the cool veranda, a slim, darkly glorious girl arose to watch him ride up. The great, amber-tinted eyes were luminous with love of him. She waved her pretty little hand gaily.

Bertram responded, his thoughts whimsically straying to the old fable of the lotus—that he who partakes of the fruit wipes out all his past.

"The Lotus Flower!" he murmured gently, to himself. "After all, it is not a fable, but fact!"

## Sea Progress Since 1621—A Key to the Artist's Retrospect

IN his spirited retrospective drawing on pages 306-307, Mr. Paulus has conjured up with his brush some of the famous vessels that have figured in American maritime history for three hundred years. There is the *Constitution*—Old Ironsides as she came to be known—the invincible old frigate of the War of 1812; then there is one of the crack Yankee clipper ships that carried the Stars and Stripes to every port of the Seven Seas throughout the greater part of the eighteenth



century; then steam-makes its marine debut and we have Robert Fulton's *Clermont*, the first steam-propelled vessel, in which he made his initial trip from New York to Albany in 1807, and the *Savannah*, the first steam vessel to cross the Atlantic; there are also pictured the *Hartford*, Farragut's flagship at New Orleans and Mobile Bay and the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, also of Civil War fame; likewise shown is the valiant old *Oregon*, the "Bulldog of the Navy" of the Spanish War.

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## Athletic Training—British vs. American

(Continued from page 311)

race, perhaps is as good an example of the results to be attained by the American system of training as can be found. This youth is extremely light, and seemingly physically incapable of standing the gruelling of a distance race. For three years he had been a miler, and in three starts in the Intercollegiate never was able to win. The coaches and trainers of the Orange considered him not strong enough for any distance beyond a mile and when he failed at the mile there was some comment that he was not strong enough for that run. Princeton, however, lacks an athlete to compete in the three-mile against the British, an odd distance and one with which American runners are unfamiliar. Foreman was selected, at first without any great expectation that he would be capable of carrying such a pace as was certain to be set by Tatham and Seagrove. Three days prior to the Travers Island meet however, Princetonians suddenly became confident that he would be a certain point scorer. He was timed to the minute in condition and he ran Tatham blind, and under heat that would have affected the strongest runner, captured the event and gave America a tie, finishing easily the freshest runner in the field.

The case of Harland Baker in the hammer event may be used in the argument as to the relative merits of the training systems of the two countries. Baker was in superb form in mid-June. He went to his home after commencement, dropped training, returned nine days prior to the Travers Island meet, and spent nine days at reconditioning, then failed to approach his own marks and was defeated by Nokes, the Oxford star, who, apparently gave little attention to training and contented himself with limbering up tosses of the big pestle.

The argument as to the relative merits of the training methods started with the arrival of the Oxford-Cambridge athletes and increased steadily. It is evident that both coaches and athletes were intensely interested, and that the coaches were inclined to criticise and the athletes themselves to favor the British style.

The seeming laxity of the British encouraged the belief which has existed among college athletes for several generations that some coaches and trainers carry conditioning too far. This idea is, of course, current at every training table and after every hard workout, but independent of the natural complainings of athletes who arise from the table still hungry and who leave the track weary and irritated, there is a strong current of opinion that American athletes may profit largely by a modification of American training methods to fit more nearly the British plan.

It is shocking to our conception of

correct training to see athletes preparing for important international games strolling along, pipe in mouth, and worse to see a man who is relied upon as a point winner spending three hours in the surf only a short time before he is to compete. However, it is not entirely fair to judge the British training method from the conduct of the Oxford-Cambridge men during their visit.

The weather was appallingly hot, so hot that it affected the Americans, and the effect upon the British, accustomed to much cooler conditions, was much greater. Beyond doubt, they were compelled by the heat to slow up in their work, which, however, makes the difference between the systems even more



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Time was when the English almost invariably won the distance events; but that day has passed. Here M. K. Douglas, of Yale, is shown winning the two-mile run at Cambridge.

marked. But for the heat they would have done much more actual work on the track and field than they did do. There is, however, no intimation that they would have changed their method of life. If is quite probable, too, that the visitors, hailing from many parts of the United Kingdom, regarded the visit to the American Universities more in the light of a friendly and friendly competition than a trip to score victories. The fine relations established and the effort of the Cornell-Princeton managers especially to accent the "hands across the sea" feeling encouraged this feeling on both sides and perhaps led to too much entertainment.

The effect upon our coaching system depends upon whether it takes the form of dissatisfaction over hard work among our athletes, or a sane adaptation of the



good points of the British system to our own.

Frankly, there has been both among athletes and coaches in America and to a lesser extent among trainers, a growing conviction that too much attention has been paid to conditioning, diet and entirely too little to work itself.

It is the generally accepted theory among baseball players and pugilists, particularly, that the way to get into perfect condition for playing baseball or for boxing is to play baseball or box—actual work, with the coach or trainer devoting his time to discovering flaws in the work which can be corrected. This, too, fits the British system, although in the case of Oxford-Cambridge it was painfully evident that the services of an experienced coach would have aided.

Nokes, the stocky, powerful Oxford hammer-thrower, was one of the best examples of what benefits the British athletes might gain from a study of the American system. Nokes is short, powerful and attains terrific force in hurling the hammer. It was plainly evident, however, that he lacks proper instruction.

Some of the Oxford-Cambridge fellows quite frankly are of the opinion that much of our training is entirely unnecessary; that it is too thorough and inclined to result in premature staleness. Their basic idea of what constitutes condition is not ours. "Pointing" athletes for any particular test requires careful conditioning, advice and persistent work toward that point, and the British system evidently precludes reaching the fineness of condition made possible by ours. The majority of the British do not believe in it, their understanding of best condition being that the man should be ready all the time to bring himself to top form in a few days of concentrated work.

They do not believe in coaching, training and working a runner for instance, bringing him along until he can do one hundred yards in 9 4/5 in the event he is preparing to win, and then have him slump so that he cannot do the distance in 10 2/5 until he has been specially pepped again.

The big thing, it seems to me, that our handlers of athletes have to learn from the British is that their system of training takes away the nerve strain which ruins so many athletes. Many of our boys, under the existing conditions, grow nervous, irritable and lose weight and strength. To such types the fact that the event is past brings relief and the reaction is immediate.

A finely trained American track, football or even baseball squad on the eve of an important contest, is as nervous and touchy as a field of two-year old thoroughbreds; the edge usually is a bit too sharp. The British seem to enjoy their sport more for the reason that they live more normally off the field, get more relaxation and concentrate harder on the actual work.

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## Dare-Devil Oliver—(Concluded from page 297)

time than the first half; the body was now coming down at so terrifying a speed that it was only by a strong effort of the imagination one could realize it was a human body and not a bolide from out the skies.

In that short moment given him yet by the last half of the fall, with a slight contortion he made a readjustment. Striking the water feet first, he would, of course, telescope himself against the bottom of the tank. Landing, on the other hand, too flat, he would break his back upon the water, or, again, would collapse like an accordion against the side of the tank. There was only one angle at which to enter the five feet of water, one of delicate precision which would diagonal him down through the five-foot depth of water in the longest line. In the last vertiginous second of his tremendous drop, he quickly adjusted his body so that it would strike at that angle.

He struck. The noise made as he hit the water was a little sickening; it did not seem to be made on water: it seemed to be made on concrete. To the shock, a huge bubble exploded out of the tank, which over spilled, sending cataracts to

all sides. The surface of the tank was like a sea in storm, what was within was mystery. Suddenly, he came shooting out, triumphant, spouting a great stream out of his mouth, like a sea-god.

The act was over. The clowns wrapped him in his bathrobe, and took him away. Flanking him to right and left, they pretended to take to themselves our meagre hand-clapping; but in some way we managed, always, to catch his eyes as he passed.

Then we wandered out of the park, not speaking, and tormented a little, all in the same way. For one thing, it was the staginess with which he surrounded his act. What he did was genuine enough—a 104-foot drop into a small tank five feet deep; the slightest miscalculation, the slightest mishap meant death. Yet to achieve success he must surround this very real deed with stage properties, with spiels and clowns. And this made us think of our own crafts, of everybody's art or craft. How one must beat the drum, in this circus which is called life. How giving the real thing is not enough—without the drum. How, so very often, the real thing fails, without the drum; while so many successes—so many!—

come from the booming drum alone.

And there was something else. But a short mile away, the American boxing champion was training—or at the present moment sleeping—in his preparation for his match with the Frenchman. Upon those two men—the champion and the Frenchman—the eyes of the world were turned; they held to themselves all the noise of the world. And yet what they were going to do in a week, for a few minutes, at a tremendous reward, was nothing in point of daring and defiance to what this fellow of ours was doing every night.

Every night, at eleven sharp, in that great empty park he climbed his 104-foot tower and jumped off. There was no multitude to acclaim him, no humming coronas to immortalize the tale of his exploit. In point of fact, leaving us out, and another chance meagre half-dozen, no one was there, no one at all. In the silence and the fog and the rain—once, a drizzling rain was falling—he climbed his 104 feet and jumped off. There was no one to see him; why did he do it?

Because it was in his contract; because it was his job. We thought of that, and it made us like Dare-devil Oliver.

## When Greek Meets Turk—(Concluded from page 295)

mountain gun. Soon they returned, and with them came the shattered remnants of the local detachment which had managed to hold both railway and bridge for almost eight hours, until reinforcements could arrive from Ite. A Turkish major and a small squad of prisoners were brought in, but the rest had got clean away.

"To-morrow, in Tsentis and all the country round, they will be back in offices, farms and stores as peaceful citizens who have never fingered a rifle, living back of our lines as innocent as you please," said the Greek major in the compartment with me. "They keep their uniforms, arms, ammunition and everything hidden during the day. But in a few hours they can assemble, arm and organize and be off on a raid as regular soldiers—which they are, of course—strike a blow like this and then disappear without even being caught. It's a peculiar kind of warfare, you see."

Out on the platform of Alvandar station there was a great talking and gesticulating. Some twenty-six Greek wounded, including the major who had commanded the defending detachment, were telling all about it, but it was all so confused that I went back to the train and tried to get to sleep, bedbugs permitting. Then suddenly the crowd of soldiers outside all seemed to be going in one direction. I got out and followed, pushing my way through the dense mass of men. All at once I came out through the crowd into an open space, where

some bodies were laid out, and where more were being brought in—the Greek dead. Under the flickering light of the station lantern, I peered down at them to see their rank. At one end was a captain. His face and breast were all covered with blood. At first I couldn't understand why, as he had been shot in the chest. Then I saw that his nose had been hacked off, very roughly, and that both ears had been cut away. There were three lieutenants, also, whose noses and ears had been cut off. The faces of nineteen enlisted men had been left unmarred, but the bodies of all twenty-three dead had been mutilated elsewhere, in a particularly horrible way; one could see it plainly, where the clothing had been torn away.

My acquaintance, the major, was peering over my shoulder.

"You see, it is a peculiar kind of warfare," he said. "Quite like Mexico, isn't it?"

"My friend," I replied, "you owe Pancho Villa an apology."

But he didn't understand.

The attempt to destroy the Kendaklar bridge was the beginning of the new Greek offensive. The army on the north moved forward to Yeni-Shehr on July 8, but already, the same night of the attack on the railway at Takmak, on the Smyrna front, Prince Andrew's second division had advanced towards Afium Kara Hissar. The following day, Crown Prince George of Greece left his bride back in Smyrna and arrived in Ushak.

When he came in the soldiers thought at first that it was King Constantine, himself, who was arriving—the "Koumbaros" ("Cousin King"), as they call him affectionately—and they lined the narrow way from the station to headquarters with a howling mob of wildly cheering men, on walls, housetops, telegraph poles and hanging to tree branches.

"Let's go! Let's go! On to Constantinople!" They shouted.

"Now the Diadokhos (Crown Prince) is here, it means we get busy," they said one to another.

Out on the front towards Afium Kara Hissar the same feeling was everywhere. Every little encampment had its picture of Constantine, olive-wreathed, at the door of mess tent or gun emplacement, as if it were a banner. Even those regiments which are not strongly Constantinist have at least one such picture, for the superstition of the thing—it might be lucky. At one of the forward artillery emplacements I stopped to take a photograph of one of these portraits at the door of a camouflaged shelter. One of the cannoneers sprang up and tapped the portrait proudly.

"There's the man who's going to lead us to Constantinople!" he cried.

Another one, perhaps not quite so strong a Constantinist, added somewhat grimly:

"Aye, and if he doesn't take us there, why we'll take him there!"

As the major said, it's a peculiar kind of warfare. I'll say it is!

# Pilgrims' Progress

(Concluded from page 313)

New Jersey and Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. There were non-Puritans in the middle and southern colonies, who had the same general religious and political ideas as those of the North. In fact, the bone and sinew of the active part of the original Southern population was very like the population of New England. Democracy was not the invention of either Pilgrim or Puritan; it was in the blood of the English immigrants, and sprang into life wherever the conditions of breaking wild land and conquering wild Indians called out the race's self-reliance, vigor and responsibility.

New England, however, has grown most of the historians. New England remained Puritan till well into the Nineteenth Century, and at the same time Puritan offshoots were moving to the West. Central and western New York was opened up to a large degree by New Englanders. They made the original settlements in both southern and northern Ohio. Their descendants travelled mainly on or parallel to the great western waterways of the Lakes, while southern immigration to the West followed along the Ohio River. Hence, two belts of territory in Illinois sixty years ago: the northern counties were seats of New England abolition ideas, while the southern counties actually contained slaves down to 1848. The Puritan influence reached Abraham Lincoln, who was born in the South, and until his death, understood that part of the country.

Some of the Puritan institutions did not fit the West. For instance, the town meeting system has never taken deep root out there. The growth of the suffrage from a property-owning and tax-paying class to manhood and then womanhood suffrage started in the West and rolled back upon the East. The State governments beyond the Hudson are founded rather more on Southern than on Northern precedents.

The big significant and undying contribution of Pilgrim and Puritan alike was their capacity to put things over. When they conquered the Indian they extinguished him. When they overcame the wilderness they made farms among the boulders. When they built ships they sailed them all around the world. When they started large manufactures, they founded the most efficient mills in America.

When they waked up to the need of general free common schools (which was not until after the Revolution) they built school-houses in every hamlet. Founded on inferior soil, with a harsh climate, and difficult access to the interior, they nevertheless built up rich and prosperous commonwealths. Then they sent their sons and daughters far and wide to join Middle-States and Southern brethren in setting up new States and cities, with the same push and success.

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## LESLIE'S INVESTMENT BUREAU

Conducted by THEODORE WILLIAMS

Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY are entitled to answers to inquiries on financial questions and in emergencies to answer by telegraph. No charge is made for this service. All communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed. Address all inquiries to the Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43rd St., New York, giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will not be answered.

### NOTICE

MANY readers have been inquiring, "What has become of 'Jasper'?" "Jasper" was the pen-name assumed by the late John A. Sleicher, when on July 6, 1889, he founded this department, which has now been in existence for about a generation and is the oldest feature of its kind in any American weekly newspaper. About nineteen years ago the present editor of the department joined LESLIE'S staff, became identified with its financial comment and correspondence and in course of time took exclusive charge of the department, though the name "Jasper" was retained until Mr. Sleicher's definite retirement. The department's oldtime policy of trying to tell the truth about securities, of warning readers against undesirable issues, and of aiding them to make sound investments is still being faithfully pursued.

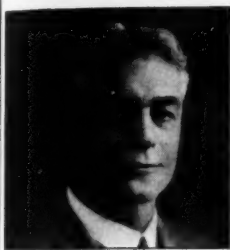
FOR a long time there has been in effect throughout the United States a buyers' strike against the high prices of commodities. This has been one of the most serious features of the readjustment process. Whatever justification there has been for it, its persistence has proved detrimental to business in general, and to some lines next to disastrous. The industrial and commercial and financial worlds are all hungrily awaiting its end. In every quarter the opinion is held that it cannot be called off too soon, and that upon its termination depends the revival of trade and the return of prosperity.

But in this country at this time there is urgently needed another kind of buyers' strike, one which would, if declared, do no harm to the strikers or the nation, but would be a decided boon to both. This strike could not be too extensive nor last too long. The longer it continued the better it would be for a vast percentage of the American people. Instead of checking honest production and the other activities of enterprise it would promote the well-being of those engaged in it, and instead of causing them loss and want and misery would help them to prosper, to accumulate property, and to be more happy and contented. For lack of such a strike on a colossal scale there has been in past years, and is now being, inflicted on millions of persons misfortune and suffering whose aggregate is appalling.

Such a much-to-be-desired movement would be a buyers' strike against fraudulent and valueless corporation securities (so-called). The country is yearly in-

undated with promotions which fleece their purchasers out of millions, if not billions, of dollars. Should every victimized man and woman today living donate to the Federal Treasury the equivalent of each dollar which he or she has lost on "fake" or worthless stocks and bonds, the total national debt could probably be extinguished offhand. The flood of bogus and undesirable emissions seems to be increasing in volume every year in spite of repeated exposures of dishonest and injudicious exploiters. Innumerable questionable schemes are floated—oil, mining, plantation, industrial, commercial, etc.—and no matter how wild may be the prospectuses and predictions of their sponsors confiding people bite at the offered bait like a host of foolish fishes, and are hooked and done for. Sometimes it seems that the more exaggerated the claims put forth for a new organization, the more alluring it is to the unsophisticated masses. The craziest proposition appeals to many dupes. The buyers of worthless issues may for a time live in a get-rich-quick dream, but they invariably come to grief. In almost any community may be found those who have thrown into the bottomless pit of unwise investment a large part, and perhaps the whole, of their lifetime savings. Only the rascals who swindled them profited by the proceeding.

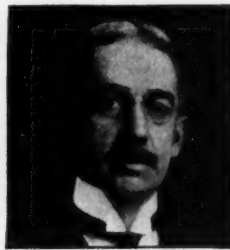
So, with many other observers of the securities market, I heartily wish that a universal buyers' strike against stocks and bonds lacking merit and soundness might be initiated forthwith. Of course, this is a hopeless aspiration at present. Only a comparatively few individuals of the class who require guardians in their financial transactions can be reached by writers of warnings, and not a great number of those who may be reached will permit themselves to be enlightened and cautioned. The majority of the ignorant and credulous will go on dabbling in all sorts of ventures of whose merit they know nothing. They will fall dupes to the persuasions of the glib peddler of stocks, even though he be as complete a stranger to them as he is to the truth. And when they awaken to the icy fact that they have been cheated out of their money, they are apt to join in the indis-



HARTSOOK

W. S. CLAYTON

President of the First National Bank of San Jose, Cal., who was recently elected president of the California Bankers' Association. This clearly indicates his high standing among the financiers of the Pacific Coast.



WRIGHT

JOHN R. MITCHELL

Of St. Paul, Minn., who was lately appointed a member of the Federal Reserve Board. He has long been identified with banking in the Northwest and was formerly president of the Minnesota Bankers' Association.



WRIGHT

L. E. THOMAS

Of Shreveport, La., who as Examiner of State Banks has general supervision of the financial institutions of Louisiana operated under charter of the State. He is highly esteemed in the banking circles of his commonwealth.

criminating outcry against Wall Street. Had they indeed had sense enough to purchase only such issues as are dealt in on the exchanges, and let alone the scraps of paper which never have been handled in Wall Street, the chances of getting a return on their capital would have been vastly surer.

A buyers' strike of the suggested character can spread only so fast and so far as investors can be educated up to it. Departments such as this exist largely for the purpose of informing and guarding the inexperienced investor. I trust that all readers of LESLIE'S Investment Bureau will feel free to lay their problems before it and risk no money on propositions which they have not carefully investigated beforehand.

### Answers to Inquiries

M., MACON, GA.: United Motors was acquired by General Motors in 1918. A circular dated January 16, 1919, stated that General Motors would give for each ten shares of United Motors three shares of General Motors deb. stock and one share of General Motors common stock, together with \$7.50 in cash representing the General Motors dividend of November 1, 1918, and a similar amount representing General Motors dividend of February 1, 1919. No time was fixed for the exchange, so that it appears possible even now for you to take advantage of it. But you have been losing a considerable amount in dividends.

T., STOUT FALLS, S. DAK.: Standard Oil of Indiana is a reasonably secure purchase, though the present rate of dividend does not make a high yield on market price. Chicago & Northwestern R.R. common, now paying 5 per cent., is an excellent long pull in view of the possible improvement of railroad conditions. Other railroad stocks that are inviting and have merit are U. P., Southern Pacific, N. Y. Central, Kansas City Southern pfd., and Baltimore & Ohio pfd.

G., TENNESSEE HAUTE, IND.: German municipal and industrial bonds offered for sale in this country may be meeting their interest obligations, but of course, payments are made in the depreciated paper currency of Germany. Among the lowest priced German municipal bonds are City of Berlin 4½ of 1919. They were quoted lately at \$11.75 per 1,000 mark bond. I do not think highly of German issues at present, because economic conditions in Germany are in a bad way.

P., LAKE CITY, FLA.: The Standard Gas & Electric Co. is one of the well-managed Byllesby properties, and its 6 per cent. gold notes should be a good purchase at 77.

D., CLEVELAND, OHIO: Good reports are made regarding the business of White Motor Co., dispelling doubts of the maintenance of the dividend. The stock is a fair purchase for a business man.

T., ST. LOUIS, MO.: Swift & Co. of Chicago, being one of the largest and most successful packing concerns in the world, its 7 per cent. ten-year gold notes, aggregating \$25,000,000, are given a high rating. The notes were issued to retire the same amount of 6 per cent. notes. The company's funded debt, therefore, is not increased by this financing, though interest payments will be somewhat larger. The company is paying 8 per cent. on stock and the margin of earnings over interest requirements is large. Federal income tax up to 3 per cent. is paid by the company. The notes were offered at a price to yield about 7½ per cent.

S., BALTIMORE, MD.: It does not appear probable that the American Sugar Refining Co.'s difficulties will be

permanent. The recent passing of the dividend on the common stock was the first instance of the kind in thirty years. The dullness in the sugar industry and the heavy loss on inventories made the action of the company necessary in order to conserve resources. It does not seem advisable to sacrifice your stock. It should, some day, recover a considerable portion of the decline.

M., CINCINNATI, O.: The Tidal Water Oil Company's ten-year 7 per cent. bonds are guaranteed, principal and interest sinking fund, by the Tide Water Oil Co. Net earnings of the Tide Water Oil Co. and subsidiaries are more than ten times the interest on their whole funded debt, including these bonds. The Tide Water Oil Co. has paid cash dividends for the past fifteen years, ranging from 8 to 10 per cent. The bonds were offered at a price to yield about 7½ per cent.

K., PHILADELPHIA, PA.: The Western Union Telegraph Co. has paid dividends since 1874, and since 1917 at the rate of 7 per cent. Its business is yearly expanding. The company's new issue of 15-year 6½ per cent. gold bonds, is highly regarded in financial circles. The company's net income last year was about eleven times interest charges. The bonds were offered at a price to yield over 6.6 per cent., if held till maturity.

L., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: The new issue of \$10,000,000 Philippine Government 5½ per cent. public improvement bonds offers a fine investment opportunity. The bonds are not redeemable before maturity in August, 1941. They are exempt from all taxes and are eligible as security for deposits of public money. They have been issued under the auspices of the United States Government. The offering price was such as to yield 5½ per cent. These bonds would be a good purchase for a man with \$5,000 to invest.

J., PRINCETON, N. J.: The credit of New York City is still good, in spite of the alleged mismanagement of its finances. The city's corporate stock notes and revenue bills aggregating \$22,000,000, were recently sold to bankers on a 5.69 per cent. interest basis. The bankers announced that the issues would be offered to investors on a 5½ per cent. basis. These would be excellent short-term purchases.

W., COLUMBIA, MO.: The ten-year first lien gold 8 per cent. and participating sinking fund "production bonds" of the United Oil Producers Corporation have an unusual inviting feature. The corporation was organized to acquire oil-producing properties and is a subsidiary of the Middle States Oil and Imperial Oil Corp. Its properties have a daily production of eight thousand barrels. There is a guaranteed sinking fund for these bonds. Returns on the bonds will be determined by the price of crude oil and cannot be less than 8 per cent., nor more than 20 per cent. At the present price of oil the return on the bonds is about 9 per cent. While not gilt-edged, the bonds seem like a good business man's purchase.

J., CHICAGO, ILL.: The Detroit Edison Company's first and ref. 8 per cent. mortgage bonds series B mature in July, 1940. They are a legal investment for savings banks in New Hampshire and Vermont, which shows them to be well regarded and safe. The company does the entire commercial and electric lighting and industrial power business in Detroit. Net earnings for the last fiscal year were more than twice interest on all the company's mortgage bonds. The company's stock pays 8 per cent.

H., MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.: The Empire Tank Line Co. is a subsidiary of the Cities Service Co. Its issue of \$2,500,000 ten-year 8 per cent. equipment trust bonds is based on tank cars valued at over \$4,000,000. The bonds mature in June, 1931. They have been quoted to yield about 8.1 per cent.

S., ALBANY, N. Y.: The Southern California Edison Co.'s gen. and ref. 8½-year 6 per cent. gold bonds are due February 1, 1944. The company meets normal Federal income tax up to 4 per cent. The company operates in ten counties in Southern California and net earnings are more than two and one-half times mortgage bond interest. The bonds are exempt from personal property tax in California. They were offered at a price to yield over 7.1 per cent. The company is a dividend payer and its senior obligations are a good investment.

R., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.: It would be reasonably safe to buy Puget Sound Power & Light Co. gen. and ref. mortgage 7½ per cent. bonds. The company operates an extensive electric light and power business. Besides

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being secured by mortgage on property these bonds are a direct first lien on an equal amount of City of Seattle Municipal Street Railway 5 per cent. bonds. Net earnings of the company are over twice annual interest charges. The company pays Federal income tax up to 2 per cent. Quoted at a price to yield over 7 1/2 per cent.

D. TRENTON, N. J.: The Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Co.'s 20-year 7 1/2 per cent. ref. and first mortgage bonds, due June, 1941, are an issue of merit. By December, 1931, the bonds become a first lien on the company's entire property. The company controls the entire central station electric light and power and steam-heating business in Milwaukee and suburbs. It also operates almost the entire street railway business in that territory. It has paid dividends since 1900 on its 6 per cent. preferred stock and since 1903 8 per cent. on common stock. The opening price of the bonds was 95 and interest, to yield over 8 per cent.

W. RICHMOND, VA.: Libby, McNeill & Libby are the largest producers and distributors of canned food products in the world and have been very prosperous. The company's first mortgage 7 per cent. ten-year bonds are among the safest of industrial issues. The company pays the income tax up to 2 per cent., and refunds the Pennsylvania four-mill tax. The bonds were offered at a price to yield over 7.6 per cent.

W. WAGONER, ILL.: Vanadium Corp. is in the hands of strong men, including Mr. Schwab, and it has had a brief dividend paying period. Dividends were suspended and at present prices the stock is a speculation, perhaps a good long pull. Ventura Oil Co. stock seems to be selling pretty high for a speculation.

S. HIGHLAND, ILL.: I would not call Cities Service Bankers shares a "good investment." Dividends are still being paid on them, but in scrip instead of cash. The scrip can be sold, but at a discount. Should the oil industry improve, these shares would naturally sell higher. I should class them now as a good business man's speculation. Whether German cities bonds will prove good investments at present prices depends on improved economic and financial conditions in Germany. At present such bonds are highly speculative.

M. NORFOLK, NEB.: I would not advise you to purchase the shares of new Allied Oil, Glenrock Oil, Boston & Wyoming or Oklahoma Producing & Refining. None of these is now a dividend payer and nobody can foresee when, or whether, they will make returns to stockholders. The only safe course in regard to oil stocks is to purchase those issued by well established, time-tried dividend paying concerns.

B. BUFFALO, N. Y.: The West Penn Power Company's first mortgage 7 1/2 series B are due March 1, 1946, and are non-callable before August 1, 1926. On and after that date they are redeemable at 105 per cent. to 101 per cent. Interest is payable without deduction for federal income tax not in excess of 2 per cent. The bonds are tax-exempt in Pennsylvania. The company supplies electricity for light, heat and power in 294 cities, towns and communities in the Pittsburgh district. Net earnings the last fiscal year were nearly three times interest requirements. The bonds have been quoted at a price to yield 7.15 per cent.

H. BROOKLYN, N. Y.: The Republic of Uruguay external loan 25-year 8 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds are non-callable for ten years and redeemable at 105. They aggregate \$7,500,000. The Uruguayan government has been careful to maintain its credit and to keep its currency sound. There is a sinking fund sufficient to redeem the entire issue at or before maturity. Principal and interest are payable in United States gold coin. The offering price assured a yield of 8.2 per cent. to maturity.

I. TOLEDO, O.: The Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad's report for 1929 showed a net income for the year of \$1,504,342 against a deficit in 1919 of \$1,340,137. The receiver of the company reports there has been substantial industrial and agricultural development along the line of the road during the past year. The stock is quoted at very low prices because it is planned to reorganize the company and to put an assessment of \$30 per share on the stock. In exchange for the assessment stockholders will receive for each share \$30 in new general 5's and \$100 in new stock.

G. ITRACA, N. Y.: Probably tens of thousands of persons in the United States have lost money by speculating in German marks. Though they occasionally show a little advance the tendency must be downward so long as the German government persists in printing billions of paper marks every year. Conservative financiers believe that all American money risked on marks will prove a loss. Better choose something which is less of a gamble.

N. ERIE, Pa.: The Columbus (Ohio) School District 6 per cent. bonds, maturing from 1928 to 1946, should be safe enough to invest in. The bonds have been offered at prices to yield 5 1/2 per cent. to 5 1/2 per cent. You can prudently invest \$10,000 in the issue.

B. POUCHKEPSE, N. Y.: Farm mortgages are unquestionably among the safest of investments, if the property on which they are based has been honestly valued and the margin over the face value of the obligation is ample. Leading insurance companies have invested hundreds of millions of dollars in this form of security, and individual capitalists have followed the example. The purchaser of such mortgages should be sure to deal with a responsible financial house.

Q. NEW HAVEN, CONN.: The course of the stock market of late has defied forecasting. Many of the most experienced observers of the financial situation have erred in their conjectures. It is not safe to make any specific statement as to the outlook. Readjustment is still going on and until it ends business and securities will not be on a stable basis. You can guess as well as anybody as to when that will occur.

R. NTAKE, N. Y.: The business situation would undoubtedly have somewhat improved had the administration at Washington been prompt to reduce expenditures and taxes. Steps in that direction have at last been taken, but the progress is likely to be slow.

C. BUFFALO, N. Y.: Among Canadian municipal bonds the City of Ottawa 6's rank well. The city's net debt is less than 4 1/2 per cent. of assessed valuation. The bonds are payable at Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto

and in gold in New York. They were quoted lately at prices to yield from 6 1/2 per cent. to 8 per cent. according to maturity.

E. DAYTON, O.: The Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. 7 per cent. gold bonds are rated high. They are a direct obligation of the company, but not secured by mortgage. The company has been very successful. The bonds are quoted at a little above par.

F. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.: There are attractions in the Detroit United Railway 1st mortgage collateral 8 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds. Maturities are from August 1, 1928, to August 1, 1941. The 20-year bonds are payable at maturity at 107 1/2 and interest. There is a sinking fund at 3 per cent. per annum. The bonds, aggregating \$4,000,000, are a direct obligation of the railway company and are secured by a pledge of \$4,135,000 of first mortgage bonds. Net earnings are over three times interest requirements. The Detroit United Railway is the largest interurban electric railway property in the United States. Dividends have been paid on stock since 1911. Offering prices were: one year maturity to net 8 1/2 per cent.; twenty-year maturity to net 8.1 per cent.

L. PETERSON, MINN.: The Northern States Power Co. is one of the Byllesby organizations, which have the reputation of being well managed. The preferred stock is an excellent business man's purchase. Since you have some of the shares already, it might be well to devote your \$500 to the purchase of Northern Pacific Great Northern 6 1/2's. They are safe and make a good return.

D. NEW ORLEANS, LA.: The Sears Roebuck Co. reports liabilities reduced within the past few months by \$20,000,000, but operating loss for the first six months of 1921 was \$3,500,000. Sales for the first seven months showed a decline of 36 per cent. The earnings must yield profit to make the stock inviting even as a speculation.

P. SENECA FALLS, N. Y.: Pan American P. & T. Co. stock has been depressed because of decline in price of oil and recent bear raids on oil stocks. It, however, appears stable and earnings seem ample to meet dividends. Cuban American Sugar will not come back until the sugar industry undergoes great improvement. If the new tariff bill does not put a low rate on Cuban sugar, the sugar industry in Cuba will receive a very severe blow.

H. PORTSMOUTH, VA.: In the early part of the year it seemed that Seaboard Airline adv. 5's could secure their return. The directors, however, have deferred the semi-annual interest. In the long run the purchaser of the bonds will probably come out all right, for the interest is cumulative.

New York, Aug. 27, 1921.

## Free Booklets for Investors

Manufacturers and investors interested in the great Pacific Northwest and desiring to share in the profits of its wonderful development can obtain abundant and reliable information regarding the resources, the opportunities of the region from the Ladd & Tilton Bank of Portland, Ore., the oldest financial institution in that section. The bank welcomes correspondence from all business men and investors. Its Bond Department offers carefully selected high-grade bonds issued by substantial Pacific Northwest municipalities and will send a list of offerings to any applicant.

It is not necessary to accept only old-time interest rates for money. It is easy in these days to get a 7 per cent. return. Among investments that make this yield are Investors Bonds based on first mortgages on the best city property and which can be bought with as low as a first payment as \$10. Full details will be supplied to all who apply for booklets No. 1-136 to the Investors Company, Madison & Kedzie State Bank, Chicago, Ill., or Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

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Regular readers of the widely known "Bache Review" attribute much of their success in business and investment to the information and suggestions contained in its pages. Copies free on application to J. S. Bache & Co., members New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

Puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange are offered by S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, New York, and their descriptive circular "I" will be sent to anyone who applies for it.

The profit possibilities of Baldwin Locomotive, Pan-American Petroleum, General Motors, Pacific Gas & Electric and Miami Copper, are clearly set forth in a market review just issued by Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York. In the expected upturn of prices, the above issues may come into considerable prominence and activity, and it is worth while for investors to be thoroughly posted on them. Copies of the review may be obtained from Clarkson & Co.'s department LN-65.

The electric and gas properties managed by the Byllesby organization have a good reputation due to their satisfactory records of many years. Conditions have become more favorable to the public utility companies than they were a few years ago, and their future seems full of promise. It is worth while to ask M. M. Byllesby & Co., 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago, or 111 Broadway, New York, to send you Literature L, descriptive of the opportunities they offer, and giving details of their partial payment plan.

Scott & Stump, specialists in odd lots, 40 Exchange Place, New York, in the current issue of their "Investment Survey No. 26" present a keen analysis of transportation conditions by a prominent Eastern railroad official. A copy of the Survey with Booklet S-6, showing how to buy on the partial-payment plan gilt-edged securities approved by banks, can be had by writing to Scott & Stump.



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